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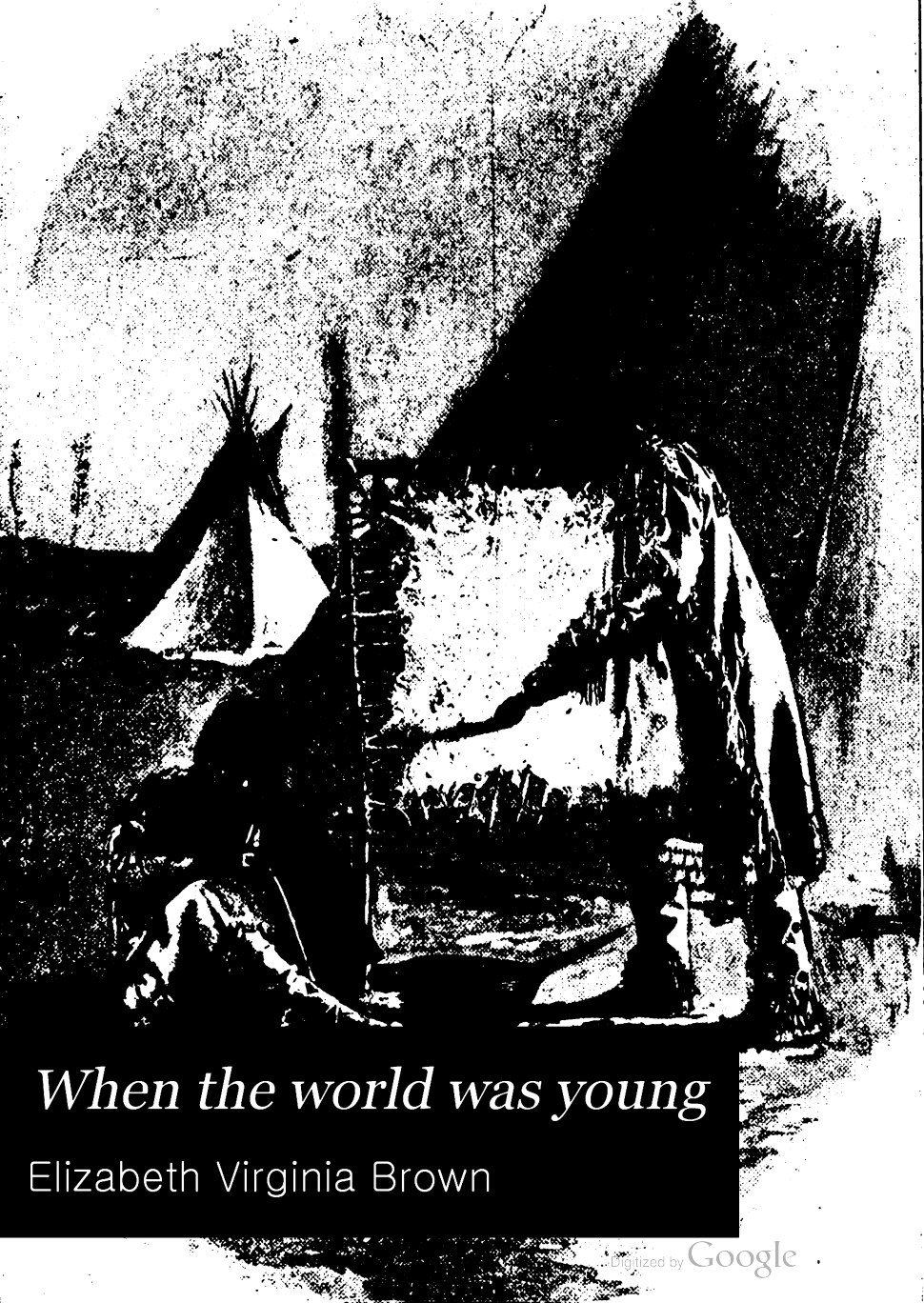

When the world was young

Elizabeth Virginia Brown

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WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

BY

ELIZABETH V. BROWN

SUPERVISOR OF PRIMARY SCHOOLS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

GLOBE SCHOOL BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

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PREFACE

"PLAYING INDIAN" is perhaps the modern child's closest point of contact with primitive life. The warpath, the hunt, the chase, revive the aboriginal instincts; but the patient steps by which men have climbed from savagery to civilization, through the exercise of invention and industry, are often overlooked.

A vivid picture of primitive man shows him a creature with "no hair on his body to keep him warm, his jaws the feeblest in the world, his arm not equal to that of the gorilla. He could not fly like the eagle nor see into the night like the owl. Even the hare was fleeter than he. He had no clothing, no shelter, no tools, no industries or experiences, no society or language or arts of pleasure.

"The one endowment with promise or potency of all future achievements was the creative spark called invention. The superabundant brain held in trust the possibilities of the future."[1]

It is the aim of these stories to stimulate an interest in culture-history, and from a knowledge of past conditions to build up an idea of the meaning of the arts of life in our own time.

[1] From "Origins of Invention," Mason.

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To Miss Ella Given, Principal of the Chevy Chase School, Washington, D.C., sincere acknowledgment is made for her constant helpfulness and for her courtesy in testing the stories in her school.

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STORIES OF WOODS AND FIELDS. A Nature Book for eight and nine-year-olds.

STORIES OF CHILDHOOD AND NATURE. Designed to follow Stories of Woods and Fields.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG. Stories of primitive life, telling, in a simple way, man's progress from savagery to civilization.

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WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

THE STORY OF THE FOOD QUEST

NUTTING is great sport for a day or two now and then; so are hunting and fishing, but what would the boys and girls who enjoy these things do, if they were turned out of doors to get all their food in that way every day in the year? Hear a story of

THE FOOD QUEST.

Botocudo lives under the sunny skies of Brazil in the tropical zone. His home is but a rude hut; neither he nor his father knows how to cultivate the ground, and there are no such things as shops or markets within hundreds of miles. He is a healthy boy with a good appetite, but he never hears the sound of a breakfast, luncheon or dinner bell. When he

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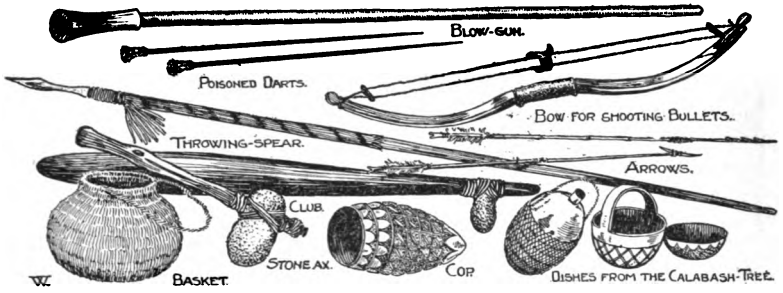
is hungry, he goes to Nature's pantry, which is always open to him.

In her streams are fish; in the forests, game. If he does not care for meat, there are eggs to be found in birds' nests. With them and the



WHEN BOTOCUDO GOES A-HUNTING

roots, bulbs, berries, nuts and fruits that are easily dug or picked, he can make a good meal; and if he has a sweet tooth, he may find some wild honey in a bee tree, for his dessert.

Life is very easy for Botocudo. He does not have to work hard for his living. Nature gives him his food, the few clothes he needs and the material for his rude shelter. But for all that, I think you would not care to change places with the little savage.

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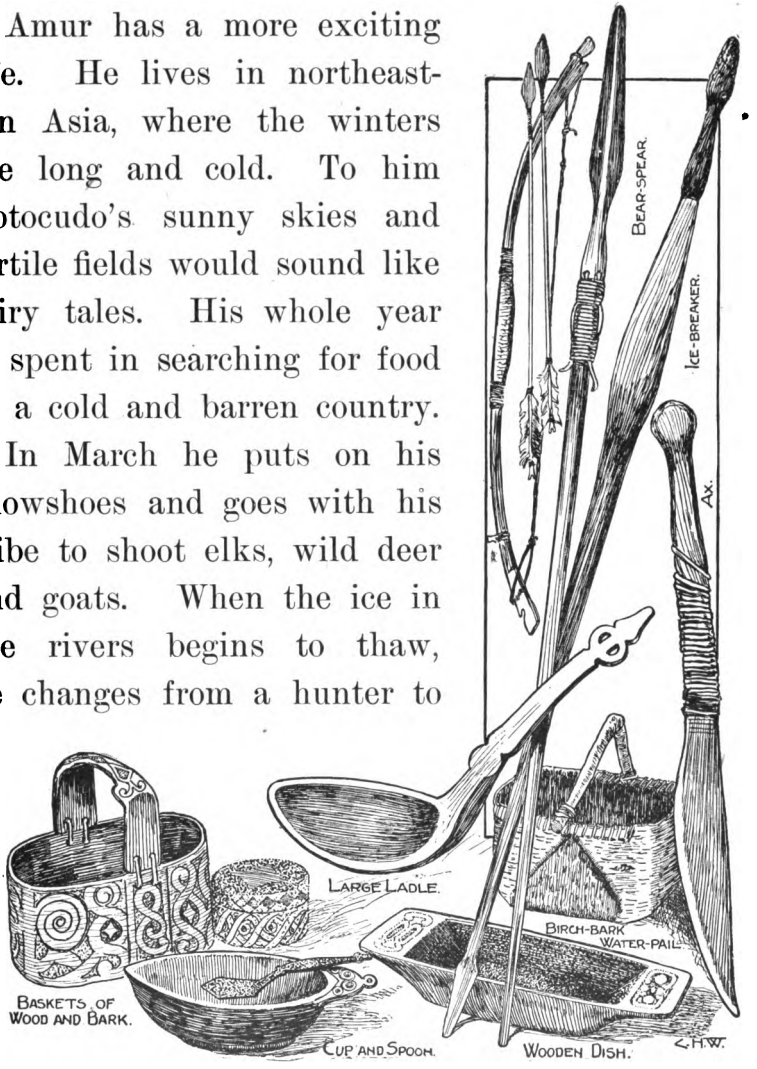
Amur has a more exciting life. He lives in northeastern Asia, where the winters are long and cold. To him Botocudo's sunny skies and fertile fields would sound like fairy tales. His whole year is spent in searching for food in a cold and barren country.

In March he puts on his snowshoes and goes with his tribe to shoot elks, wild deer and goats. When the ice in the rivers begins to thaw, he changes from a hunter to



AMUR'S DISHES AND WEAPONS

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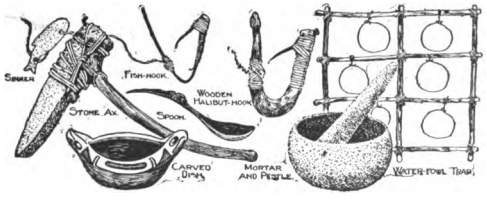
a fisherman, and hurries off with his nets to the small rivers to catch fish. If he catches more than he needs, he dries them and saves them to eat later in the year when food is scarce. In summer he goes to the lakes and bays to spear birds. His hunting begins again in the fall.

In such a cold country he needs much meat, but if animals are scarce, he contents himself with pine nuts, or with berries mixed with reindeer milk.

But for all that, I think he might not care to change places with you.

Chilkat is an Indian lad who lives far away in Alaska. The rivers and sea are good to him, for they give him all the halibut and salmon he can catch, as well as mussels and clams. His people hunt the bear and the mountain sheep, for they are fond of meat. Chilkat some-



WHEN CHILKAT IS HUNGRY

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times eats the roots of wild plants and the juicy inner bark of spruce and hemlock trees; but if he is like the boys I know, I think he must prefer the strawberries and currants which grow in his country during the short summer season.

Ormuz is an Arab. His people have no settled home. They live in tents, and move from place to place with their camels and herds of horses, according to the season, to find food. Sometimes they cross great sandy deserts where no green thing grows except in the oases, which are very far apart.

Poor Ormuz is thirsty more often than he is hungry. The hot sun beats down upon him, and the sand blows into his mouth and nose and makes his throat dry. When a caravan starts on a journey, skin bottles, which are often made of the whole skin of a sheep or a goat, are filled with water and sewed or tied up to prevent leaking. But water is so valuable that Ormuz seldom thinks of drinking all he wants, for the next oasis may be far, far

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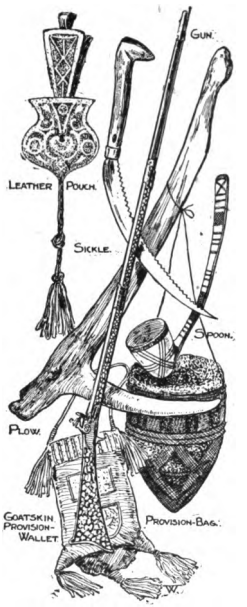
away, and the sight of skeletons of men and animals that have perished from thirst warns him to be careful. Clear, running brooks, bubbling springs and long, deep rivers are not in Ormuz's everyday geography.



FOR USE IN THE DESERT

But Jabal has quite a different story.

Long, long ago his ancestors gave up the wandering life of hunters, fishermen and shepherds. Instead of going on long journeys in search of food and water, they decided to settle in a fertile country near a lake or stream, where water was fresh and plentiful. While they hunted and fished occasionally, they spent most of their time learning to dig, to hoe, to sow seeds, to cultivate the soil and to tame the cow, the ox, the sheep, the goat, the horse and other animals.

Jabal helped all he could, and when he grew

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up he became a very good farmer for those early days. He cleared a piece of land by burning some trees and brushwood. With a digging stick for a hoe and a forked branch for a plow, he made his grounds ready for planting. He learned to build fences to protect his crops from wild beasts. I am sure you will not be able to find any of his tools in a farmer's shed or in a hardware store to-day, but you may find them in museums. They were made of bone, shell, stone or metal, and were fastened to handles by strips of hide or bark. But they served him well, and his children and grandchildren and their children and grandchildren learned to make improvements, as they thought their way along.

Step by step, these ancient food-getters and food-raisers made way for the most useful man in the world — the farmer. I suppose we, too, should have to dig roots and live on berries if it were not for the good farmers in all parts of the world.

They grow the crops of every land and climate, so that the grains, fruits and vegetables of America

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can be exchanged for things from China, Japan, England, France and the islands of the sea.

MANY BUFFALOES

WHEN a little Indian baby first opens his funny black eyes, he does not find a name ready for him, nor does he receive one in a few days as our babies do. The pappoose must earn the name, which is generally given to him on account of some notable event in his life. This may happen while he is still a baby or a very small child, but often he is almost grown before he has a name of his own. Rain in the Face, Young Eagle and Young Man Afraid of His Horses are a few of the Indian names, the meanings of which I think you can easily guess.

While traveling in the west a few years ago, I spent several weeks in the neighborhood of a tribe of friendly Indians, with whom I became very well acquainted. "Many Buffaloes" was my particular friend, and one day I asked him to tell me how he received his name. The old man

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seemed much pleased, and this is the story he told me.

"Long years ago, before the white man came to this part of the country, there was a great famine among the Indians. The summer had been long and dry, and although the squaws tried hard to make the corn grow, the hot sun withered the stalks before the ears were ripe. Animals were scarce, for the grass was parched and there was very little for them to feed on. I was but a small boy then, but I remember how we counted out the grains of corn and chewed the skins of our tepees when all the food was gone.

"When winter came it looked as if we must die of starvation unless we could manage to shoot some game. So a party of hunters set out, I with them of course, for you see I had my name to earn.

"Oh, it was bitterly cold! The wind blew the snow and sleet into our eyes, but we pressed on. By and by a brave fell in the snow, but the rest were too weak to help him, so we left him there.

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"For a while I stumbled on, but soon finding I could go no farther, I sank into the soft snow, which felt warm and comfortable. But I knew I should freeze if I stayed there, so after resting a little, I pushed on.

"It was now getting dark, and the braves were farther off than I thought. Blinded with the snow and weakened by hunger, I again lost my footing, and the earth seemed to slide suddenly from beneath me as I fell into a snowdrift.

"With much difficulty, I crawled out of the drift and sat down to tie my snowshoe, when I noticed a huge form looming up in the darkness. It was a buffalo.

"Jumping to my feet, I followed him. There, down in a coulee, where they had gone for the sake of the dried grass which still clung in little tufts to the rocks, was a fine herd of them.

"They were huddled closely together, but, though it was quite dark by this time, I could tell that there were many of them — enough to save our whole tribe.

"Through the long, cold night I waited till

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light began to appear, and then I hurried to the village for help.

"What rejoicing there was when they heard my good news! The other hunters had returned during the night, and every one started back with me, though some were so weak that they could hardly drag the meat home.

"All agreed that I had fairly earned the name 'Many Buffaloes,' and you can imagine how pleased I was when the chief gave me his own bow and arrows.

"I am an old man now, but I have never felt so proud as I did on that cold winter day when the people gave me my name."

"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his house.

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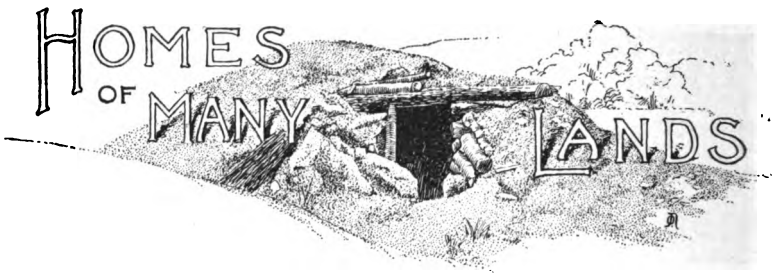

FOR RENT. — In Mount Pleasant, very desirable new corner house, brick with stone trimmings. Twelve rooms; store-room, trunk room and two tiled baths; steam heat, six fire-places; cellar. Wide southern exposure.

WHAT do you suppose Botocudo, Chilkat or any of your new friends would think of such a house as this, or of your home with all its comforts and conveniences?

Since you have become so well acquainted with them, perhaps you would like to know something of their homes. You cannot go to visit them, for they live thousands of miles apart, and you would have to travel far over land and sea to call upon them.

Botocudo lives in a very hot country near the equator. His house was not planned by a clever

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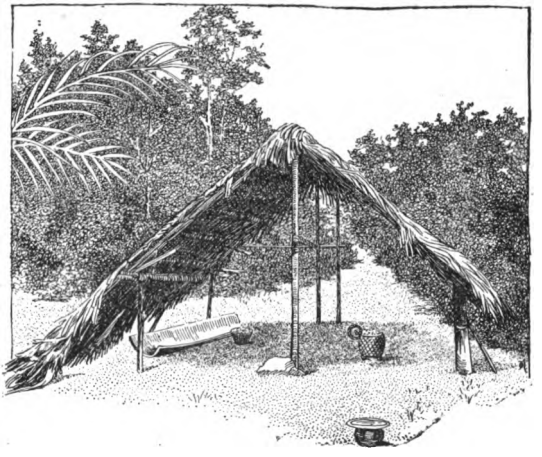
architect, as yours was. His people build a house in a few hours by standing a number of palm leaves in the ground in a circle and tying the tops together to form a roof. They creep into this hut to hide from the sun's warm rays, but it does not protect them from rain or from their enemies. It has one advantage, though; it can be rebuilt in an hour, should anything happen to it.



"WELCOME!" SAYS BOTOCUDO

Some of his cousins use branches instead of leaves. These are planted in the ground, bent over at the top, and brought down to the ground again. A few cross sticks are laid in, and then grass is loosely woven into the framework, or bark or skin is fastened over it, and the house

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is finished. It has no modern conveniences, of course, but a large family can find shelter under it.

A HOUSE OF GRASS

Amur, the little Russian, sometimes lives in a bark house during the winter, but he usually lives in a tent of skin. There is but one room in his house and this has to serve as bedroom, sitting room, dining room and kitchen for the whole family. He has no furniture in his home. A few skins to lie on or sit on are all that he considers necessary.

AMUR'S HOME

Chilkat, too, is able to afford a summer and a

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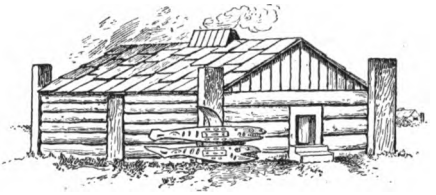
winter home. His summer home is small, and rudely built of planks; but his winter one is large and as strong as a fort. It is built of heavy posts and beams and thick cedar planks. The neighbors have to help his father build it and it is sometimes two years before it is finished.



WHERE CHILKAT LIVES

AN INDIAN HOME

Perhaps you would be frightened and would want to run away from his front door; for often on each side of the small opening is a wooden post with strange faces and grotesque figures carved on it.

Inside, the house is almost as bare as Amur's, but it has a floor of cedar planks with a square of uncovered earth in

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the center of it for a fire. A hole is cut in the sloping roof just above the fire, to let out the smoke and to let in the light and air.

Ormuz lives in a tent too, but it is made of cloth or canvas, instead of bark or skin. It is much larger than Chilkat's wigwam and much finer, with its curtains adorned with rich embroidery and its rugs of beautiful colors; but this house, too, belongs to a wanderer, and like Amur's, it can be rolled around its tent poles and carried from place to place by the family.

A HOME IN A TREE

In Jabal's country, men learned to make bricks of sun-dried mud or clay, with which they built permanent houses. He lived in far-off Asia, but in Mexico, our next-door neighbor, such houses are also found.

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The boys and girls who to-day live in frame, brick or stone houses, with comfortable furniture and articles of use and beauty, are more fortunate than the kings of olden times, many of whom never slept in a bed, rode in a carriage nor ate with knives and forks.

"COME IN!"

But even yet, in some parts of the world, there are people living in huts, hovels and tents, who would not know how to keep house in such homes as are advertised "For Sale or For Rent" in the daily newspapers.

By the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining
From love so sweet, Oh, who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.

D. M. MULOCK.

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QUEER CLOTHES FOR QUEER WEARERS

BOTOCUDO, the little savage, has no more trouble about his clothing than about his food.

The natives of some tropical countries wear no clothes at all, you know, but feel quite "dressed up" when they have tattooed or painted their bodies, when they have dressed their hair in some remarkable fashion, or deformed their ears, noses and lips by piercing them and inserting bits of metal, bone or plugs of wood.

BOTOCUDO

All of this seems very beautiful to them, though to us it seems only barbarous and ugly.

But in Botocudo's country, the "shirt tree" grows.

Does it not seem strange to go to a tree to get

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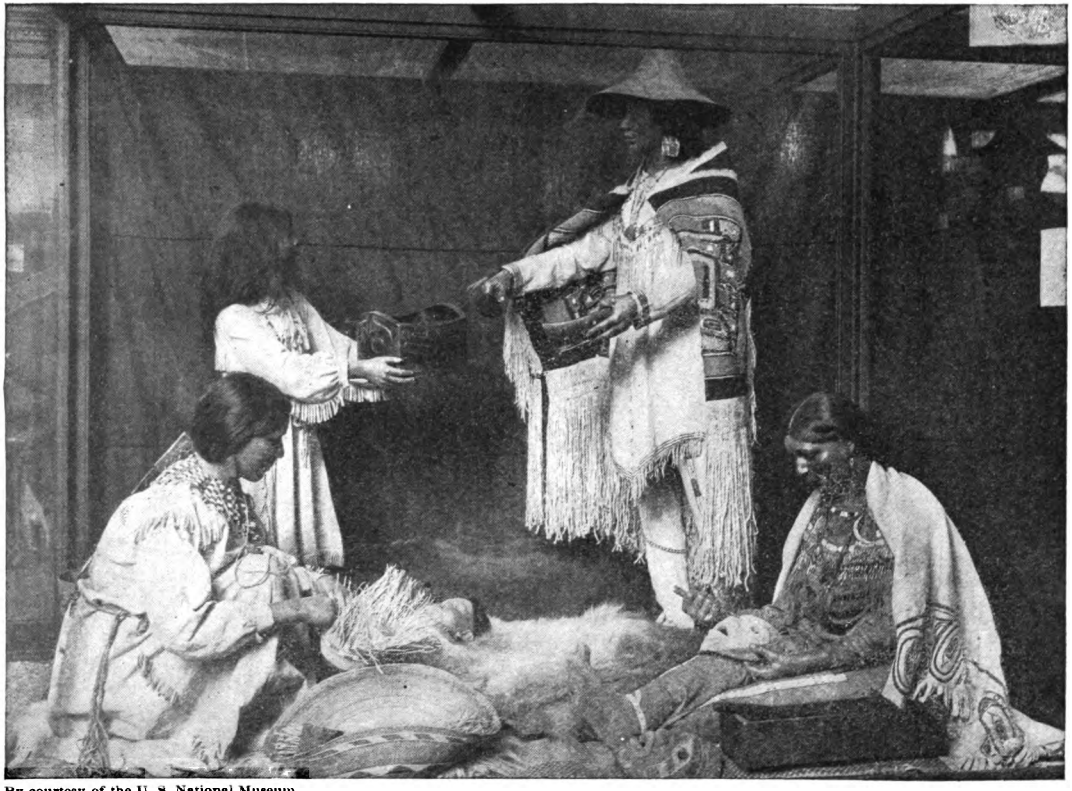

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A FAMILY GROUP OF CHILKAT INDIANS

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a new shirt? Yet that is really what Botocudo does.

When he wants a shirt, he goes to the shirt tree and cuts off about four feet of the bark. His mother soaks it in water and beats it with a heavy stick; when it is soft and dry, she cuts two armholes in it, and Botocudo's shirt is ready to wear. A shorter piece of bark makes a skirt for his sister.

The shirt tree belongs to the same family as the tree from which we get the Brazil nuts we like to eat at Christmas. Both grow on the banks of the Amazon, so you see now in what country Botocudo lives.

Bark clothing is also fashionable in Africa and other parts of the world, but it is not all made from the same kind of a tree, for in the islands of the Pacific the women use clubs to beat the bark of the paper mulberry tree into a kind of felt. Sometimes they stamp figures on it with colored dyes. The people of these islands were so delighted with the white paper of the Europeans that they dressed themselves in it, and wore it

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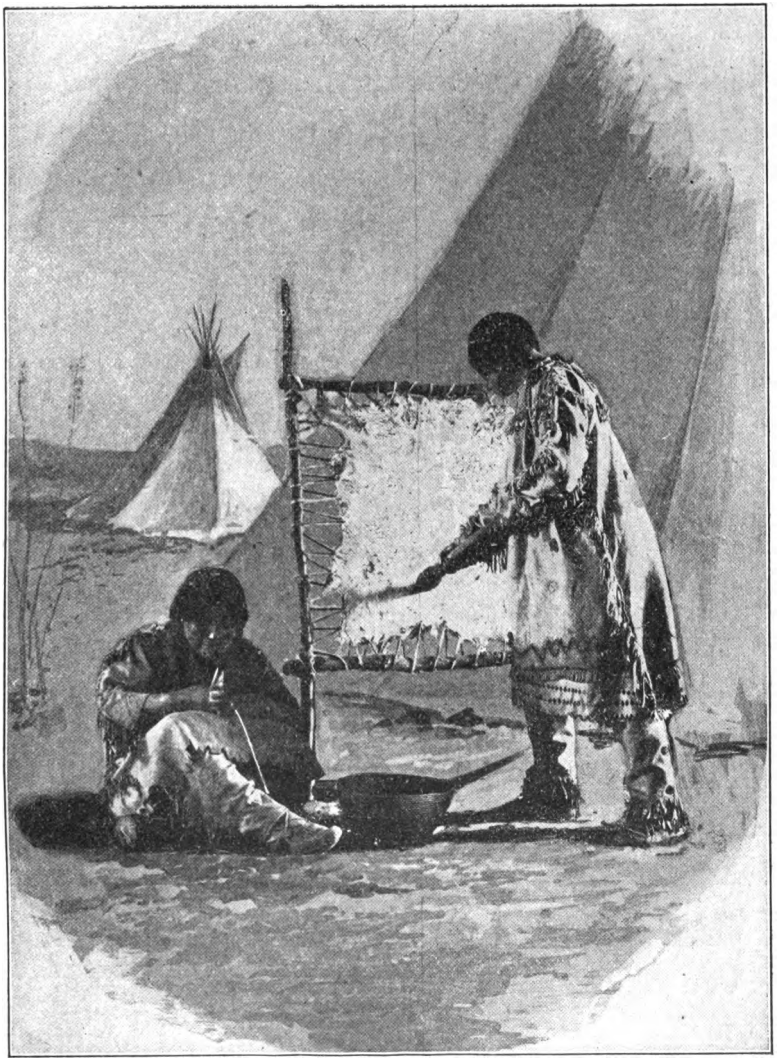

INDIANS DRESSING A SKIN

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with great pride, until the first rain storm spoiled their gay costumes and drove them back to their bark clothing.

AMUR

When Amur, in his northern home, wants a new hunting suit, he gets it from an animal instead of from a tree; so does Chilkat, the little Indian lad.

When new clothes are needed, the boys or their fathers shoot a deer, an elk or a bear; the mothers do the rest of the work. They strip the beast, dress the skin and rub fat or marrow into it, until it is soft enough to cut and make into garments. When you think that every bit of scraping, drying, cutting and sewing is done by hand, you see what busy women these mothers are.

Can you name the different animals which help to make clothes for Amur, Chilkat, and for other little boys and girls?

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Skins, wool or hair, are given by bears, deer, antelopes, seals, walruses, beavers, squirrels, sheep and goats, while trimmings and ornaments of feathers, scales, shells or quills are contributed by birds, fish, tortoises, porcupines, crocodiles and lizards.

You would be surprised at the beauty of the duck-skin suits worn by some Eskimos, and of the feather capes, helmets and necklaces woven by the noblewomen of Hawaii; but you would hardly care to wear a necklace of toucan beaks, which the natives of Peru consider so beautiful.

ESKIMO

Ormuz, our little Arab friend, wears a long tunic of wool or cotton, belted at the waist with a gay scarf of silk, for his people know how to make threads and yarn from plant fibers

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and the hair and wool of animals, and how to weave them into cloth.

The weavers do much finer work than either the bark beaters or the skin dressers. The threads are twisted on a spindle, and stretched

ESKIMO COAT

on a frame to which they are securely fastened. Then, with the fingers, a stick or a shuttle, other threads are woven in and out, over and under the first ones. Some beautiful patterns are made by using dyed yarns, tinsel and fancy stitches. But

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it takes a long time to make clothes for a large family when cloth is woven by hand.

AN ARAB

The clothes that you and your playmates wear are made almost entirely by machinery. In cotton and woolen factories, where steam drives the busy shuttles through the looms, it does not take much time to turn out great bolts of cloth, yards and yards long. Even when the cloth comes from the store, the sewing machine does nearly all of the work.

THE PALM TREE

Is it the palm, the cocoa palm,
On the Indian sea by the isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

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Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibers of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails.

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoanut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

The master, he sits on a palm mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft.

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands.

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

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To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine, —
House, and raiment, and food, and wine.

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah, who gives the palm!"

WORK-BASKETS AND TOOL-CHESTS

SUPPOSE you look into your mother's work-basket to see what tools she uses in making your new clothes or in mending the rips and tears in your old ones. Perhaps you never thought of them as tools before, but here they are: —

scissors	tape measure	spools of thread
needles	emery	bodkin
thimble	pins	buttons

and ever so many more.

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How different are the tools used by Chilkat's mother! But her scrapers of bone and dull stone knives are better far to her work than your mother's scissors would be; her needles are of bone, her thread is the sinew of an animal and her thimble is a piece of tough hide.

Botocudo's mother has no work-basket at all; her ribbed club takes the place of all other tools.

A carpenter's chest would appear as strange to Botocudo and to Chilkat as their stone axes, throwing-sticks, queer knives and spears do to you. For you know they did not keep their tools in chests or buy them at a hardware store.

Just a common stick, picked up in the woods, was one of the earliest tools. It made a man's arm seem longer and gave him greater power. He could hold it in his hand as a staff or club, thrust it out as a spear, hurl it in the air at a bird he wanted for food, or dig roots to eat from the ground.

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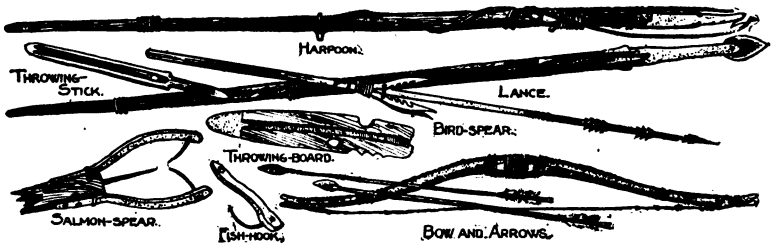
Stones and pebbles were chipped and flaked into knives, arrowheads and other tools, in the early days. They were often ground or polished to fine edges, and fastened to sticks, making very strong axes, hatchets and spears.

Sometimes shells and bones were fastened to sticks to make hoes and plows for the early farmers.



But all the while men were doing the best they could with such rude tools, the earth was hiding a tool-making treasure. A great step upward was made, when the first old miner found metal in the earth, and with the help of fire, turned it into useful tools.

Every carpenter's chest and workman's kit has to thank him for the use of metal and for all the tools that have been made from it.

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TUBAL CAIN

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.

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And they said, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true."

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low,

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But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made," —
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sung, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch, good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

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THE STORY OF TRANSPORTATION

"COME children, make yourselves comfortable now," said Uncle George, as his nieces and nephews, who had been begging for a story, gathered around him one rainy night. "You have been asking for a story, so I am going to tell you one which is four thousand years long."

"Oh-oo!" squealed little Nan, "I'm afraid I cannot keep awake so long as that."

Uncle George lifted her in his arms and waited for her to cuddle down.

"Yes, four thousand years long," he repeated. "As long ago as that, men and women liked to travel almost as much as they do to-day.

"Sometimes they went from place to place in search of food; sometimes enemies came to drive them away from the places they had chosen for homes; sometimes they went to search for gold or precious stones, and sometimes they traveled just to see what other parts of the world were like.

"Men do all those things to-day, but in the olden times there were no steam cars, steamboats,

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electric cars, carriages, wagons or automobiles to carry the people or their burdens.

"Those folks of early days had to walk, and if they wanted to take food, clothing, weapons or tools with them, there was nothing to do but to carry them. The fashion then, was for the men to carry their burdens on their shoulders and backs, while the women toted theirs on their heads.

HUMAN BURDEN CARRIER

"But later, men learned that the animals which gave them hides and wool for clothes, flesh to eat and milk to drink, could carry loads too. So they shifted the burdens from their own heads and shoulders to the backs of dogs, camels, elephants, oxen, donkeys, llamas, horses and other animals, which have been beasts of burden ever since. Men trained these animals, giving them good food and care in return for their services.

"One day, some one found out that if the load

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were taken from the animal's back and placed on a sledge or on a rude wagon with wheels, he could draw from three times to fifty-four times as much as he could carry on his back. He could draw more over a good road than over a bad one, so men began to build better roads and bridges.

PRIMITIVE SLED

"I do not know just how many thousands of years ago this discovery was made, but from that day to this, the wagon builders have been busy inventing different kinds of vehicles, wheels and springs; for wagons and carriages have styles and fashions as well as houses and clothes.

CAMEL AND SLED

"The rolling tree trunk is the earliest ancestor of the wheel, the first wheels being merely large slices from a log, fastened together by long axles.

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"How thick and clumsy they were! They hardly dreamed that they would ever be the grandparents of the light-running, slender-spoked, rubber-tired wheels of to-day.

"All this time, men were traveling by water as well as by land. The first boat was probably a log. A man sat astride on it and floated downstream with a stick for a paddle. Several logs fastened together made a comfortable raft while a boat called a dugout was made by hollowing out a tree trunk.

DUGOUT

"Better boats were made of skin and bark fastened over a framework. Paddles, oars and sails were invented, so that wind and water could help man on his journeys.

"But a better day was coming. Men grew wiser and wanted to make longer journeys in quicker time; so they had to think and plan.

"There was once a Scotch lad who used to sit for hours watching the lid of his mother's teakettle

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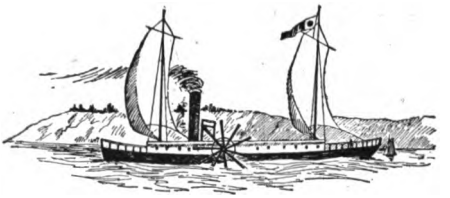
rise and fall. He liked to play with the steam from the spout, catching it on a saucer or on a silver spoon and seeing it change to drops of water. This boy's name was James Watt; when he grew to be a man, he invented the steam engine. From that moment steam became the world's great motor power.

"It carries men both by land and water. The first steamboat was made by Robert Fulton, an American, but the first locomotive was made by an Englishman named George Stephenson.



FIRST STEAMBOAT

"Some of our great-grandfathers traveled in these strange vehicles which were the wonder of their time. What do you suppose they would think of our ocean steamers and of our railroad trains with their comfortable coaches, their dining and sleeping cars?

"You know the name of the man who made a new motor force possible. He drew lightning or

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electricity from the clouds with a copper kite wire and a brass key, years ago, and now we ride in electric cars and automobiles.

AUTOMOBILE

"Who knows but that some day before your hair is as white as Uncle George's you may buy a ticket for a journey in an airship and travel over the house tops?

"But now I think it is time for you to take the ferry for Shadow-town. So good night. All aboard! You can travel as you please in Dreamland."

ATLAS, THE BURDEN BEARER

PERSEUS was the son of Jupiter and Danaë. His grandfather, alarmed by an oracle who told him that his daughter's child would cause his death, ordered the mother and child to be shut up in a chest and set adrift on the sea.

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The chest floated away, but was found by a poor fisherman, who took the mother and child to his king, Polydectes, who was very kind to them.

When Perseus was grown, Polydectes sent him to conquer Medusa, a terrible, warlike monster who had laid waste the lands of the nations near her. She had once been a beautiful maiden, whose hair was her chief glory, but as she tried to vie in beauty with Minerva, the goddess deprived her of her charms, and changed her beautiful ringlets to hissing serpents.

From that time on, she became a monster so frightful to look upon that no living thing could behold her without being turned into stone. All around the cavern where she dwelt might be seen the stony figures of men and animals that had chanced to catch a glimpse of her and had been petrified with the sight.

Perseus, carrying the shield loaned him by Minerva and wearing the winged shoes of Mercury, approached Medusa while she slept. Taking care not to look directly at her, but guided by her im-

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age reflected in the bright shield, he quickly cut off her head.

After the slaughter of Medusa, Perseus bearing the head with him flew far and wide over land and sea. As night came on, he reached the western limit of the earth, where the sun goes down.

Here he would gladly have rested until morning. It was the realm of King Atlas, a giant whose size was greater than that of any other man.

He was rich in flocks and herds and had no neighbor to dispute his estates. But his chief pride was in his gardens, whose fruit was of gold, hanging from golden branches, half hidden by golden leaves.

Perseus said to him, "I come as a guest. If you honor illustrious descent, I claim Jupiter for my father; if mighty deeds, I plead the conquest of Medusa. I seek rest and food."

But Atlas remembered an ancient prophecy which warned him that one day a son of Jupiter would rob him of his golden apples, so he an-

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swered, "Begone! or neither your false claims of glory nor parentage shall protect you," and he attempted to drive him away.

Perseus, finding the giant too strong for him, said, "Since you value my friendship so little, deign to accept a present," and then, turning his face away, he held up the Gorgon's head.

Atlas was immediately changed to stone. His beard and hair became forests; his arms and shoulders, cliffs; his head, a summit; and his bones, rocks. Each part of him grew until he became a mountain, with heaven and all its stars resting on his shoulders. His name, Atlas, means "bearer" or "endurer."

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN; OR, THE RETURN OF THE WITCHES

Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They've all come back!
They hanged them high, — No use! No use!
What cares a witch for a hangman's noose?
They longed to visit the haunts of men,

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To see the old dwellings they knew again,
And ride on their broomsticks all around
Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

* * * * *

"And where is my cat?" a vixen squalled.
"Yes, where are our cats?" the witches bawled,
And began to call them all by name:
As fast as they called the cats, they came:
There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed Tim,
And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged Beau,
And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
And many another that came at call, —
It would take too long to count them all.
All black, — one could hardly tell which was which,
But every cat knew her own old witch;
And she knew hers as hers knew her, —
Ah, didn't they curl their tails and purr!

* * * * *

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Now when the Boss of the Beldams found
That without his leave they were romping round,
He called, — they could hear him twenty miles,
From Chelsea Beach to the Misery Isles;
The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone.
"Come here, you witches! Come here!" says he, —
"At your games of old, without asking me!
I'll give you a little job to do
That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!"

They came of course at their master's call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats and all;
He led the hags to a railway train
The horses were trying to drag in vain.
"Now then," says he, "you've had your fun,
And here are the cars you've got to run.
The driver may just unhitch his team,
We don't want horses, we don't want steam;
You may keep your old black cats to hug,
But the loaded train you've got to lug."

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Since then on many a car you'll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be;
On every stick there's a witch astride, —
The string you see to her leg is tied.
She will do a mischief if she can,
But the string is held by a careful man,
And whenever the evil-minded witch
Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.
As for the hag, you can't see her,
But hark! you can hear her black cat's purr,
And now and then, as a car goes by,
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.
Often you've looked on a rushing train,
But just what moved it was not so plain.
It couldn't be those wires above,
For they could neither pull nor shove;
Where was the motor that made it go?
You couldn't guess, *but now you know.*

Remember my rhymes when you ride again
On the rattling rail by the broomstick train.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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THE STORY OF LIGHTING AND HEATING

"Go get your hats and caps, and we'll take a ride on the electric cars," said Uncle George one morning. "Perhaps we shall find a story on the way."

It did not take the children long to get ready. Uncle George's excursions were always a delight to them, so they were not surprised when the car stopped at a beautiful park, with fine old trees, flower beds and grassy lawns. In it was a large building, which Uncle George said was the National Museum.

You must go there some day to see what a wonderful place it is. It has something interesting to show to every boy and girl in the United States.

Uncle George led the children through the building, showing them the stuffed animals, and the life-size models of Indians, Japanese, Eskimos and other queer people, but he soon missed Jack, who had strayed off into the room where models of wagons, boats and other means of

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transportation were shown. He was found wandering around, looking at the models and reading their labels, but he was glad to join the other children, especially when he heard that they had found another story.

"Hello! thought you were lost!" said Tom, but Nan, who was afraid one of the stuffed animals had caught him, took hold of his hand and kept hold of it the rest of the morning.

The new story was found in a large case full of curious things.

It began with two pictures, one showing a group of naked savages standing terror-stricken

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before a volcano pouring out fire and smoke; the other showing some men running away and trying to hide from the lightning which zigzagged across the dark night sky. These men feared fire; they thought it was an evil god who wanted to kill them.

They had seen it set trees, and sometimes even whole forests on fire; they had seen bamboo stems catch fire and blaze as they rubbed together in a wind storm; they had seen sparks fly from falling rocks and set the underbrush on fire, but they did not know that fire had good uses as well as bad.

But the children and grandchildren of these picture people afterward learned that fire was good; so they made fire drills and fire bows of wood, bone or metal, in order to obtain light and heat.

"But who showed them how to make all these queer things?" asked Tom.

"No one knows," said Uncle George. "Maybe while an old hunter was making a weapon of flint, some sparks flew and caught on some dried grass

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or bark, and a flame sprang up. That taught him to strike flints when he wanted a fire; or perhaps

while another man was trying to shape a handle for a tool, the friction of his hands might have made the wood scorch, burn and burst into a flame. No one knows just how or when men began making fire, but the wooden drills, saws and flint strike-a-lights show you how they did it."

"But what is this queer little wooden cage full of holes, Uncle George?" asked Nan; "and oh, see this poor little bird!"

"Can't you read these labels?" asked Uncle George. "Read them to me."

Tropical fireflies in a perforated vessel for giving light. — West Indies.

Stormy Petrel. Burned in the Orkney Islands for light.

"See this split stick. What is wedged in the cleft?"

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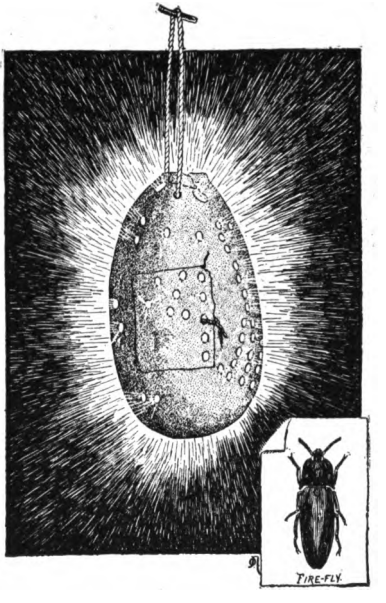
"It looks like a fish to me," said Ned.

"That is just what it is, my boy. It is called a candle fish. The fat in the bodies of birds, fish, whales and other animals furnished the oil for torches, lamps and candles, long before men knew how to get oil and gas from the earth.



A FIRE-FLY LANTERN

"See these pine slivers bound together for a torch; it is the resin in them which helps them to give such a fine light. The Indians used pine torches like these in their canoes, when they went in search of game by night."

A PINE TORCH

"They must have been the first search lights," said Jack.

"Here you see

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the first attempt at a candle, — a string dipped in some kind of animal oil or grease, and wound around a stick. It does not look as gay as the candles on a Christmas tree or on a birthday cake, does it, Nan? But it is the grandmother of the little lady in Mother Goose. Don't you remember?

A FANCY CANDLE

"'Little Nanny Etticoat
In a white petticoat
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows,
And when she dies,
She has a black nose.'"

Under the rows of candles were some hollow stones, some skulls of dogs and of other animals. These were the first lamps; they were filled with oil and the wick was set burning. Some Roman lamps, which looked like modern gravy bowls, were shown side by side with lanterns of all times and nations.

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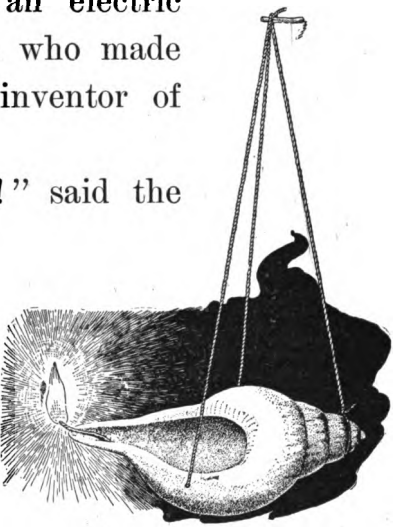
"These are all very interesting," said Jack, "but I'd rather have an electric light. I think the man who made that was the greatest inventor of all."

"So do I! So do I!" said the others.



SHELL LAMP

On the way home Uncle George told them that some of these early lamps were used as stoves too.

"People never could have lived in Arctic regions if fire had not been discovered. Although ice and snow are plentiful, water is very scarce. Sometimes the Eskimos who are going on a journey fill bags of skin with snow and wear them next to their bodies, so that the heat may melt the snow to water. At other times, they make a hollow in a cake of ice, place a stone covered with dried moss in the cavity and set fire to the moss. As the water

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melts, it is sucked up by the thirsty natives through hollow reindeer bones. The long Arctic night would be very dismal with no light nor fire in the huts.

"So we see that fire is one of the best friends we have. It taught our ancestors how to make light, to cook food, to make tools and weapons and to take many long steps from savagery to civilization. Without it we should have no light by night, no heat in winter, no glass in our windows, no water nor gas pipes, no machinery operated by steam, no steamboats and no railroad cars.

"But stop the car, Tom. This is our corner."

Fire is the test of gold; adversity, of strong men.

The burnt child dreads the fire.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide.

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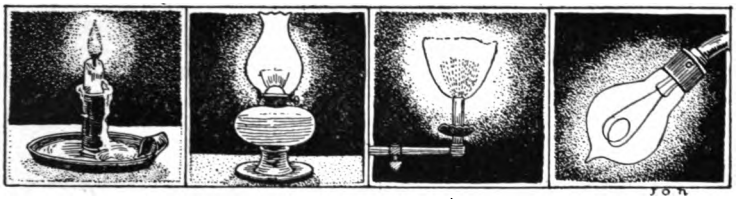

THE EVOLUTION OF LIGHT

When grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a tallow dip
Held high above her head.

When mamma used to go upstairs,
After she'd said "Good night,"
Her mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.

As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mamma would light the gas.

Now when the sandman comes for me,
I like to have it bright;

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So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see right through the darkness
With the magical X-rays.

ABRAHAM AND THE SUN-WORSHIPERS

In Persia, India, Greece, Mexico and Peru beautiful temples were built for the sun god who was worshiped as the giver of light and heat; but in some other countries where the heat is so great that it scorches and withers all the plants and often causes death to man, the sun is feared as an evil and malicious god.

Our words Sun-day and Monday or Moon-day remind us of the time when men worshiped the sun and moon. Sometimes they prayed to trees, to water and to idols of many sorts.

Abraham lived in a country where the people

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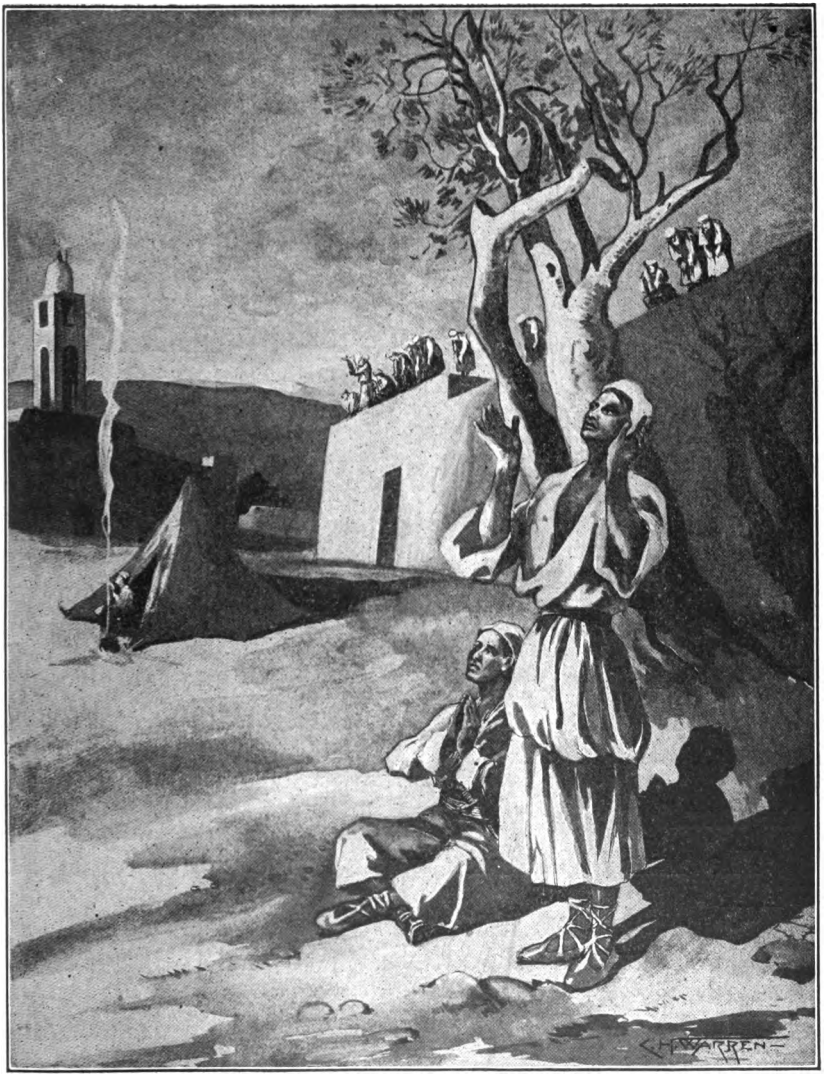

SUN-WORSHIPERS

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worshiped the sun, moon and stars and where they tried to tell their fortunes by them.

In some ancient books there are some stories which tell how Abraham broke away from such beliefs. Perhaps you would like to read one of them.

Terah, the father of Abraham, was a maker and dealer in idols. Being obliged to go from home one day, he left Abraham in charge. An old man came in and asked the price of one of the idols.

"Old man," said Abraham, "how old art thou?"

"Threescore years," answered the old man.

"Threescore years!" said Abraham, "and thou wouldst worship a thing that my father's slaves made in a few hours? Strange that a man of sixty should bow his head to such a creature as that."

The man crimsoned with shame and turned away.

Then came a grave-looking woman to bring an offering to the idols.

"Give it to them thyself," said Abraham, "thou wilt see how greedily they will eat it."

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She did so. Abraham then took a hammer and broke all of the idols except the largest, in whose hands he placed the hammer.

When Terah returned, he asked what profane wretch had dared thus abuse the gods.

"Why," said Abraham, "during thy absence a woman brought yonder food to the gods and the younger ones began to eat. The old god enraged at their boldness took the hammer and smashed them."

"Dost thou mock thy aged father?" asked Terah; "do I not know that they can neither eat nor move?"

"And yet," said Abraham, "thou worshipest them and wouldst have me worship them too."

Terah was very angry and sent Abraham to be judged of his crime by the king.

The king said: "You will not adore the gods of your father? Then pray to fire."

Abraham: "Why may I not pray to water which will quench fire?"

The king: "Be it so: pray to water."

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Abraham: "Why not to the clouds which hold the water?"

The king: "Well then, pray to the clouds."

Abraham: "But why not to the wind which drives the clouds before it?"

The king: "Then pray to the wind."

Abraham: "Be not angry, O King — I cannot pray to the fire or water or the clouds or the wind, but to the Creator who made them: Him only will I worship."

FLYING FIREWORKS

A CUBAN friend called on us one evening last week, holding in his hand a brown paper bag perforated with small holes. These "breathing holes" suggesting to our pet-loving children "something alive," the gentleman and the paper bag were immediately surrounded.

The girls retreated upon being told that the bag contained "flying fireworks" that might go off, but the boys boldly demanded a sight of the new fireworks.

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A peep into the bag caused every boy to draw back with a disgusted face.

"Ugh! only two dead beetles," one youngster muttered. "A mean joke, I say."

Here there was a scream from all the children, "The bag's afire!"

Truly the brown paper bag looked as if ready to fall on the floor, a heap of flaming paper. But our Cuban friend, as he rescued it from being trampled on, coolly remarked: —

"The beetles are just opening their stock of fireworks. Now put out the gas, and we shall have a fine display."

The gas was turned down, and by the intense, beautiful light that streamed from the paper bag, our faces gleamed with a weird, greenish tinge, and we could read the letters on the newspaper in papa's hand.

Those two ugly beetles were the managers of this pyrotechnic exhibition; for each carried on his shoulders two brilliant stars, from which shone a light almost supernatural in its intensity, and the beetles, constantly raising their

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wings, as if to fly, showed their soft bodies glowing like masses of living fire.

It seemed impossible to realize that no heat accompanied this radiant light, and the children were so afraid the bag would take fire that, by the advice of our friend, a warm bath was prepared for our new pets, already named Meteor and Comet. So they were gently placed upon a mimic pond in an oyster bowl, with a mimic rock island in the center. It was a lovely sight, the water becoming a sea of liquid fire; and as the wonderful phosphorescent light struck against the rock each diamond-cut crystal sparkled with lovely prismatic colors.

When Meteor and Comet were tired of their bath, they leisurely climbed upon the rock and went to sleep. Their lamps went out, and again they became ugly brown beetles, with only two flattened yellow beads on their shoulders to show where the light came from. These spots looked like glass, and the luminous body, when the beetle was awake, seemed to shine through them like a flame through a glass window.

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That night Meteor and Comet slept in a ventilated ice-cream box, and a luncheon of bananas and brown sugar was provided for them, in case they should feel faint during the night.

The Cuban gentleman told us that these beetles were *elaters*, commonly called skip-jacks, click-beetles or snap-beetles, — names given them because of a peculiar way they have of unjointing their spines with a clicking noise.

The legs of an elater beetle are so short that when turned on his back he is as helpless as a capsized turtle; but nature has provided a springing machine for the poor bug. The spine fits into a socket, and by bending the head and thorax backward — a position somewhat similar to standing on its head — the beetle can withdraw the spine from the socket. A sudden jerk causes it to slip back with a sharp click, and with such force that the skip-jack is made to turn a complete somersault in the air. The beetle, like the springing man at the circus, expects to fall on his feet.

The women in South America place several

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elaters in a box with glass sides, and go about their work by the light of their living lamp, and Cuban beauties promenade in the evening with flaming beetles fastened in their glossy braids.

Meteor and Comet dearly love to sleep in the daytime, and always when we take out our ice-cream box to display the fire bugs, we find our pets apparently dead. After several frights we have learned to place the rogues on their backs; and then it is funny to see them wake up, one leg at a time, until all the legs and antennæ are waving desperately about, a fiery glow coming from the exposed body and bright shoulder lamps of each struggling victim. Then the skip-jacks will try to stand on their heads, and the children are always delighted to see our visitors jump as Meteor and Comet, with a sharp click, turn a somersault in the air, sometimes repeating this performance over and over again, until they come down right side up.

One evening we were all disconsolate at the loss of Meteor who, having feigned death until we left him, had flown away. Fearing to miss

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a gleam from our pet's light, we had turned out the gas, and the whole family were down on their knees, looking under chairs, tables and couches. A shout from a child on an expedition under the piano brought us all to the spot, and there under the piano leg, snugly hidden against the castor, safe from broom or duster, glistened something that not only dazzled our eyes, but gladdened our hearts. This something was a long-lost diamond that had fallen from a ring, causing many bitter tears. The light shining on the diamond came, as you may have guessed, from the tiny fireworks on Meteor's shoulders, the runaway being hidden by its side.

That fire bug more narrowly escaped a kissing than ever beetle did before, and he seemed to rather enjoy the situation, for he lighted up with such marvelous brilliancy that one little one, with a strong imagination, declared he blistered her fingers.

And so our flying fireworks have brought good luck with them, and to the children are a delight, never "fizzling" or going out. Rain makes them

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brighter, and repairs are never needed. The only expense for their maintenance is a tiny bit of banana and a drop of sweetened water.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

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By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;

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But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

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All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

TELLING THE TIME

ONE fine afternoon, as Uncle George was going for a ride on his big black horse, he found Nan in the garden, puffing away at a dandelion clock.

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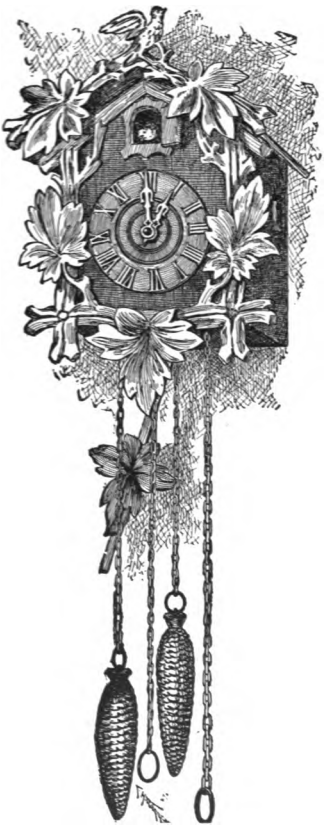
Her little cheeks looked as if she had the mumps on both sides at once, and the garden path was littered with four-o'clocks and bald-headed dandelion stalks.



"Heigho! What are you doing out here, little one?" he called.

"Telling the time," she answered. "You tell!" and she held up a fine big "clock" for him to blow. She laughed and danced to see the little seeds sail off in the air with their silky umbrellas raised, as Uncle George gave a big "Pff!"

"Only one o'clock!" he said. "Well, you have time enough to go as far as the gate with me." He stooped, and lifting her to Black Prince's back, led the way down the lane.

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"Good-by," he said, when they reached the gate; "now run back to your four-o'clocks and dandelions."

Nan ran, joyously singing: —

"There was a little dandelion
With lovely, fluffy, golden hair.
It glistened in the sunshine
And in the summer air.
But oh, this little dandelion
Grew very old and gray,
And sad to tell, her fluffy hair
Blew many miles away."

When story time came round that night, Uncle George asked, "How did your flower clocks work to-day, Nan? Did you find any others when you went back to the garden?"

"Hm! flower clocks aren't any good," said Jack, as he drew his new birthday watch from his pocket to see the real time.

"I don't know about that," said Uncle George. "Perhaps they are the best kind to have, for they do not need any winding, you never lose their keys and they have no bothersome hands, springs or wheels to get out of order.

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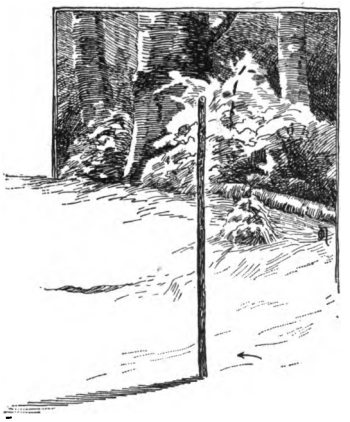
"I do not know how true it is, but some one has said that there are twenty-four kinds of blossoms which open at different hours of the day and night; but as some of them grow in Africa, and others in the West Indies and South America, I'm afraid we couldn't get enough of them together to make a clock for all day and all night in our part of the world.

"Do you know any flowers which we might use?" he asked.

"Morning-glories for day, and the night-blooming cereus for night," said Tom.



"Portulaca, evening primrose and four-o'clock," ventured Jack, who didn't believe in flower clocks.

"Yes, all of those are supposed to tell time in an irregular way," said Uncle George. "People tried to tell the exact time in a great many ways long before they learned to make clocks.

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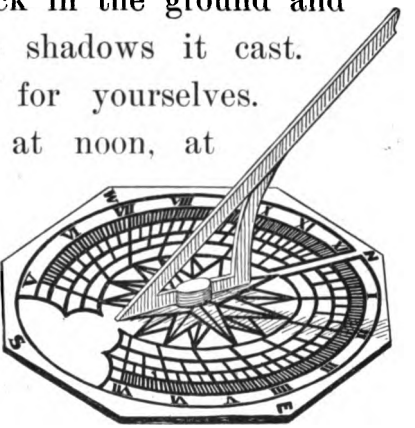
"Thousands of years ago they used to study the position of the sun at different times in the day, and of the moon and stars by night. Sometimes they stuck a stick in the ground and told the time by the shadows it cast. You might try that for yourselves. Look for the shadow at noon, at two, four and six o'clock.



"The sun dials you see in old-fashioned gardens are made on the same plan. Some of the dials have the figures from I to XII carved on them, and an upright wedge of stone or metal, which casts the shadow and tells the time.

"Mottoes were often engraved on the dials. 'Time flies like a shadow,' or 'I tell no hours but those that are happy,' or something of that sort.

"But dials were of use only during the day. The Persians, Greeks and Romans measured both

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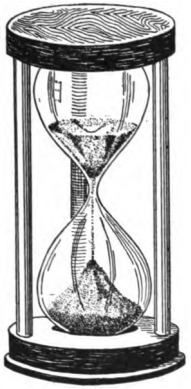
day-time and night-time by an instrument called the clepsydra, a word which means 'the water steals away.'

"It was a vase or jar having a tiny hole in the bottom, so that the water could trickle through to another vessel. Certain marks along the side told the hours as the water ran out, or stole away.



"In the hour glass, sand was used instead of water. It was shaped like the three-minute glass your mother uses for boiling eggs, but it was larger, of course.

"The sand in the upper part of the glass took an hour to slip into the lower; when it was one quarter gone, half gone or three quarters, one could tell whether it was quarter past, half past or three quarters past the hour.

"When the Puritans came to New England, they brought their hour glasses with them, and many a poor little Puritan boy or girl had to sit through a sermon in which the hour glass

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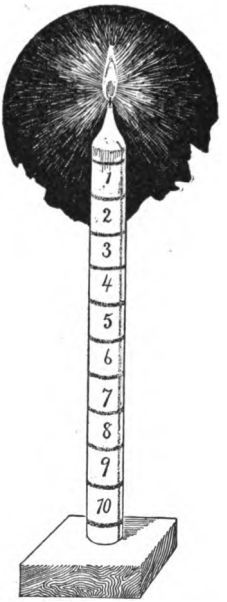
was turned three or four times. It was hard for the children to keep awake on warm summer mornings, but as soon as a little head went nid-nid-nodding a sharp rap from the tithingman's rod drove all sleep away.

"King Alfred invented the candle clock. It was a very complicated machine; but candles called 'King Alfreds' are common in England to-day. They are very long with figures marked along the sides. Usually, there is just wax enough between two figures to burn for an hour.



A "KING ALFRED"

"Sometimes when you boys want to wake up early, you say, 'I'll tie a string to my toe,' but I think you wouldn't like to try the Chinese messengers' way for waking up on time."

"What's that?" asked the boys.

"They light a small bit of punk and put it between their toes and then lie down to sleep.

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When it is time to wake up they know it, without being called."

"Whew! I think I shouldn't like that," said Tom.

"The Chinese doctors give their medicine by fire clocks too. They break a piece of joss stick into several joints the same distance apart and light one end, telling the patient to take his first dose when the stick burns down to the first angle, the second when it burns to the next one and so on until the stick is burned out.

A LAMP-CLOCK

"When you hear people talk about wasting time, you must think of the wasting water in the clepsydra, the wasting sand in the hour glass and the wasting fire in candle clocks and punk

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sticks. It was by wasting something that time was measured, but time itself is too precious to waste.

"Men could not measure time exactly, until they learned to make clocks which moved by machinery and by wheels and weights.

"They tried a great many experiments, but a little boy led them to find the right thing at last. Do you know the story of Galileo?

"He was an Italian lad who went to church in a great cathedral in Florence.

"Perhaps the sermons were too long there, too; I do not know; but the little boy used to look up at the great chandelier, which swayed gently, out-in, out-in, all through the service. When he grew to be a man, experiments were being made with clock weights or pendulums. He remembered the old chandelier. 'I will make something which will move as regularly as the cathedral chandelier,' he thought. So he made the pendulum — a long shaft with a heavy weight at the end of it.

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"As you look at the pendulum of our old clock, with its long shaft, and heavy, round weight, can you see any resemblance to Galileo's chandelier? And as you hear its tick-tock, tick-tock, can you see the chandelier's regular swing, out-in, out-in? Some day, when we go to Europe, we shall see many famous clocks, some of them hundreds of years old.

"But listen! It seems to me I hear something saying, 'Bed-time! Bed-time!' It sounds like our old clock's voice, I declare."

The children laughingly bade Uncle George "Pleasant dreams," and went upstairs, saying, "Good-night, good-night," to the music of the Pendulum Band.

IN TIME'S SWING

FATHER TIME, your footsteps go
Lightly as the falling snow.
In your swing I'm sitting, see!
Push me softly; one, two, three,

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Twelve times only. Like a sheet
Spreads the snow beneath my feet:
Singing merrily, let me swing
Out of winter into spring.

Swing me out, and swing me in!
Trees are bare, but birds begin
Twittering to the peeping leaves
On the bough beneath the eaves.
Look! one lilac bud I saw!
Icy hillsides feel the thaw:
April chased off March to-day;
Now I catch a glimpse of May.

Oh, the smell of sprouting grass!
In a blur the violets pass:
Whispering from the wildwood, come
Mayflowers' breath and insects' hum.
Roses carpeting the ground;
Orioles warbling all around:
Swing me low, and swing me high,
To the warm clouds of July!

Slower now, for at my side
White pond lilies open wide:

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Underneath the pine's tall spire
Cardinal blossoms burn like fire.
They are gone; the goldenrod
Flashes from the dark green sod.
Crickets in the grass I hear;
Asters light the fading year.

Slower still! October weaves
Rainbows of the forest leaves.
Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,
Glimmer out of sleety dew.
Winds through withered sedges hiss:
Meadow green I sadly miss.
Oh, 'tis snowing; swing me fast,
While December shivers past!

Frosty-bearded Father Time,
Stop your footfall on the rime!
Hard your push, your hand is rough;
You have swung me long enough.
"Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,
Some of your best stories tell,
While you swing me — gently, do! —
From the Old Year to the New.

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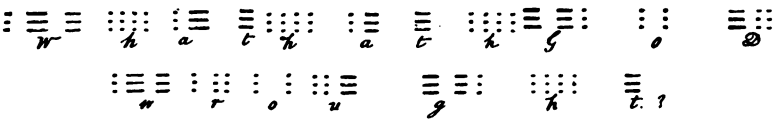
HOW TO TALK AT A DISTANCE

WASHINGTON, D.C., May 27, 1844



"What hath God wrought!"

THIS is the first message that was ever flashed over a telegraph wire. It was sent from Washington to Baltimore by Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph.

We should be very proud that an American was the first man to make such an instrument, for people in different countries had been trying "to telegraph" or "to write afar" for hundreds of years.

Before telegraphy became possible, many curious ways of talking or signaling to distant neighbors had been tried.

Some of them are very interesting.

In some uncivilized countries, the natives have a whistle language, by which they can communicate when quite far apart. They make them-

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selves understood by changing their whistles from long sounds to short, from loud to soft, by whistling through their fingers or with their fingers in their mouths.

NIGHT SIGNAL

The drum language is well understood by some savages. The number of beats and the order in which they are given are translated into words which they easily understand. The women who beat bark into cloth, often send messages long distances by the way they beat the bark with their sticks.

For longer distances other signals are used.

The Red Indians recognize one another at a distance, and talk by bending their bodies or by motions of their arms. On clear days some of their signals may be understood when the people themselves are more than twenty miles apart.

Torches and lights have often been used for signaling at night. So many waves to the right,

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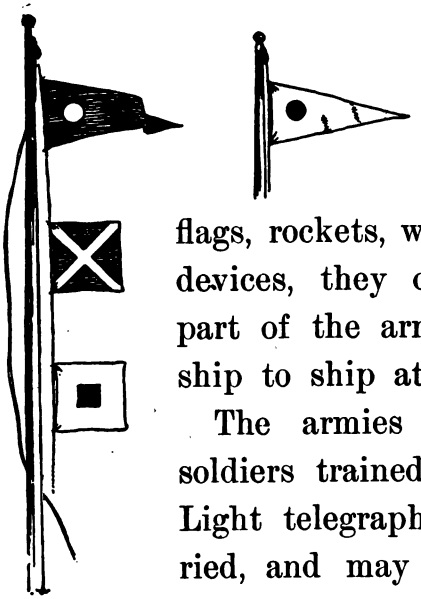
followed by a different number to the left, mean one thing, while the different intervals of time at which the lights are flashed, mean another.

Smoke signals are used by day. Some people make a fire and then smother it with brushwood, so that a dense column of smoke arises to carry messages to their friends who understand "smoke language."

The armies and navies of all civilized countries have signal service bureaus connected with them. By means of mirrors which flash sunlight messages, of flags, rockets, whistles, bells and other devices, they communicate from one part of the army to another or from ship to ship at sea.



SIGNAL FLAGS

The armies have whole corps of soldiers trained for telegraph service. Light telegraph lines are always carried, and may be quickly put up at the rate of two or three miles an

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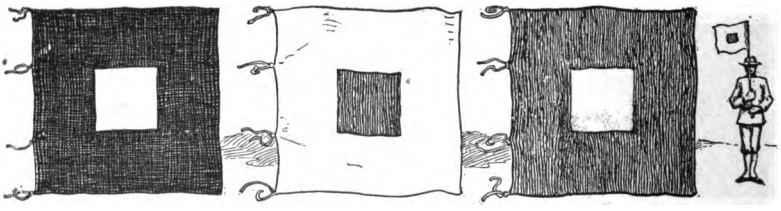
hour. When a place is abandoned, these wires can be easily taken down, rolled up and carried elsewhere.

These signals are all printed in the Code Book. The navies of different countries use the same kinds of signal flags and pennants, the book of each country being printed in its own language, so that German, French, Russian and American ships meeting at sea can talk just as easily as if they all belonged to the same country.

Red, white and green lights are used for night signals, the green light taking the place of the blue in the flag.



SIGNAL FLAGS

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STORY-TELLERS AND STORY-BOOKS

WHEN Peregrine went to school, he had no grammar, no history, no geography, no music or drawing book. He learned his A, B, C's from a queer-looking thing called a Horn Book. It was shaped somewhat like a hand mirror and was made of a wooden frame which held a printed sheet of paper between two pieces of transparent horn. The children could see their letters through the horn. Books were very rare and expensive in those days, and these books were made to last for all the children in the family.

When he had learned his letters, Peregrine was put into the New England Primer, which was full of quaint old rhymes, and then into the Catechism. When he had mastered these books, he studied the Bible for the rest of his school days.

But while Peregrine had not as many books as the boys and girls of to-day, he was far more

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fortunate than the children who lived before the printing press was invented.

In the beautiful home of books, the Library of Congress in Washington, there are some fine paintings showing the story of the book.

In the first one, a group of men of long, long ago are piling up some stones on the seashore. These men did not know how to write, or read books, but they wanted the people who came after them to know that something important happened at that particular place.

Besides making these piles of stones, the fathers used to tell the stories of their tribes to their children; the children would tell them to their children, and so on and on, for hundreds of years. Some men with good memories could tell ever so many stories. One of the Library pictures shows an Arab, standing with his arm outstretched, as he points far away, and tells a story of long ago to some of his countrymen who are seated near.

The people of Egypt used to cut strange-looking characters in their stone temples and monu-

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ments; birds, fish, serpents and other signs were used instead of letters. These characters were called hieroglyphics. If you ever visit New York, you can see some of them on Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park. If not, you can see them in the paintings when you go to Washington.

The next picture shows an Indian's book. A young Indian brave is painting on a deerskin, which is stretched on the ground. You will not be able to read it unless you understand the Indian picture-language, but you will enjoy looking at the picture, I am sure.

The monks were the first true bookmakers. They painted letters and words on vellum or parchment. Some of these queer books, hundreds of years old, can be seen in museums to-day. A picture of a young monk making such a book is the next picture on the wall.

The last step in the history of the book is shown in the picture of John Gutenberg and his printing press. Gutenberg, the father of printing, stands in the middle of his shop, giv-

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ing directions to two young assistants, one of whom works the rude press, while the other shows the proof to the master for his approval.

This great invention came about the time that Columbus discovered America.

It is a wonderful story, this story of the book. When we see the rows and rows of books in a library, we seldom think of the rude monument builders, story-tellers, picture writers and early printers, all of whom had a share in giving us the books we have to-day.

THE DAME SCHOOL

PART I

THERE had been a heavy fall of snow, but the sun shone radiantly the next morning, and there was nothing to prevent Prudence and Nathan from setting forth for the little school which Dame Twitchell kept in her own house for the girls and a few of the small boys.

Prudence wore a gray cloak coming almost to her feet. Her close gray hood kept her ears cozy

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and warm, but gave no protection to her eyes, which blinked, half blinded, in the dazzling glare of the sunlight reflected from the glistening snow.

Coming out of her yard, she almost ran into her Cousin Hannah who, with her brothers, Ebenezer and Pelatiah, was also bound for Dame Twitchell's.

"Why, Prudence, art blind?" asked Hannah, laughing.

"In truth, I verily am," said Prudence. "The sun on the snow maketh me blink like an owl or a bat."

On their way they met Submit Carter, a little bound girl, who lived with Widow Burnham. "Oh, Prudence," she said, "is not Granny Allison most kind? I do love her. She hath persuaded Widow Burnham to send me to the dame school. I am so glad to go."

"And I to have thee go," said Prudence.

Submit's joy in going to school rose partly from her delight at escaping for a few hours from the widow's hot, dark kitchen, and from natural pleasure in the companionship of other

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children, but partly, also, from a real eagerness to learn.

She carried a New England Primer, and said to Nathan, "Thou seest, Nathan, great girl as I am, I must be in the primer class with thee and Ebenezer."

"Ho!" said Nathan, "That's nothing. Boys know vastly more than girls."

"Nathan thinketh so much of himself because already he spelleth 'babe' and other words of four letters," said Prudence. "He is puffed up with pride."

"Erelong, I shall go to the grammar school with the big boys, and learn to write," said Nathan. "Girls cannot go to the grammar school or learn to write."

"Pray, what care we?" asked Hannah. "We are well rid of the pains of learning, methinks. Girls have no use for writing."

The children had now reached Dame Twitchell's house and filed quietly into the closet, where they left their outer garments.

Mistress Tabitha Twitchell was a thin, wiry.

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energetic widow of threescore, who added to her small income by keeping during the winter what was known as a "dame school."

Her school was the only one in the village for girls. Here they were taught to read, sew, knit and embroider samplers, all the learning considered necessary for girls. After finishing the New England Primer, they read in the Bible, the only reader for both boys and girls.

Submit looked with interest around the dame's large kitchen and living room combined, which was also the schoolroom. About twenty girls and a few little boys sat on blocks or backless wooden benches around the room on the neatly sanded floor. In the huge fireplace, which nearly filled one side of the room, was a blazing fire, which scorched the children's faces, while yet their backs were cold. Over the fire the dame's pots boiled, hanging on the crane.

Near the fireplace, on a wooden pin in the wall, hung a large bundle of rods. From other pins, and the poles resting in hooks beneath the beams, dangled hanks of blue yarn, bunches of dried

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herbs and strings of dried apples and peppers.

Mistress Twitchell, believing that —

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"

not only kept her pupils busy, but either knit or spun, herself, while teaching them. The first exercise was reading. While all took turns in reading, she knitted briskly. Then she set the girls to work on their samplers. They being well started, she said, "Nathan, do thou and Ebenezer study thy catechisms."

Nathan and Ebenezer began to study their catechisms with buzzing lips, and the dame turned her attention to the still smaller boys.

"Pelatiah and Ephraim, take your hornbooks and note carefully 'P,' 'Q' and 'R,' that ye may recite them glibly when I point at them. Mind your books, all of ye."

Ephraim and Pelatiah were great friends, and fully agreed in detesting their hornbooks, to which, however, they felt it wise to seem to apply themselves.

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A hornbook was a coarse sheet of paper, pasted on a thin board, containing the alphabet and the

Lord's Prayer, and covered with transparent horn which showed the letters through, but preserved

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the paper from soiling or wear. There was no possible amusement in a hornbook, as Ephraim and Pelatiah knew full well; no pictures to look at, no leaves to roll or tear, no cover to pull off.

THE DAME SCHOOL

PART II

DAME TWITCHELL having thus set all her pupils busily to work, herself began to spin. Briskly as her wheel hummed, she failed not to look often and sharply over her round horn spectacles toward the corner where the boys sat. The girls she knew she could trust, for not only were they much older than the boys, but they were happily engaged in working on their samplers, their only fancy work, and far more to their taste than the plain sewing on which so much time must be spent.

For a while the room was a scene of quiet diligence. The hum of Mistress Twitchell's wheel might have been the buzzing of a giant

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bee in this hive of industry. There was loud buzzing, too, from the lips of Nathan and Ebenezer, as they repeated over and over the words of whose meaning they had not the faintest idea, stopping sometimes to refresh themselves by a peep at the pictures in the front of the primer.

Ebenezer, happening to see Dame Twitchell's back turned, as she put a fresh bunch of wool on her distaff, kicked Nathan, whispering:—

"This is the best cut of all."

He pointed to the tiny woodcut, illustrating—

"Zaccheus he
Did climb a tree
Our Lord to see."

So absorbed was Ebenezer that he did not notice Dame Twitchell's keen eye fixed on him over her shoulder. Before he even knew that he was observed, with one swift stride, as it seemed to the startled Ebenezer, she pounced upon him, and seizing him by the ear, twitched him out upon the floor.

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"Thou art an idler, Ebenezer Smith. If thou canst not this very instant repeat the answer in the catechism, thou shalt have a sound whipping, I promise thee."

Ebenezer began in faltering tones, but when it came to the big words, he stammered painfully, and finally came to a dead halt, stuck fast.

"Come here, Ebenezer," said the dame; "I must e'en deal faithfully with thee."

The dame laid on and spared not, plying the rod about Ebenezer's legs until he hopped and danced for pain. Nor could he help crying aloud, though he tried hard not to, lest the other boys laugh at him.

"Let us have no squeakings or grumblings," said Dame Twitchell, when she at length paused. "Sit thou here, with a dunce cap on thy head, and see if that will aid thee to master thy catechism."

Ebenezer was plumped down on the dunce

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block in the center of the floor, wearing a tall, pointed paper cap, on which was printed in large letters "DUNCE."

Ephraim and Pelatiah, warned by Ebenezer's fate, bent over their books with fresh energy. Ephraim had not the most remote idea which of the crooked, black marks before him was supposed to be "P" or "Q" or "R," and he knew Dame Twitchell would switch his legs if he could not tell.

Watching until he saw the dame bending over his big sister Mary to show her a new stitch, he leaned toward Pelatiah and asked, "Canst tell me the names of these hateful letters, Pelatiah?"

"I know 'Q' by its curly tail," whispered back Pelatiah, who regarded "Q" with approval, as a more frisky letter than his fellows, an "O" with a touch of fun in him. "But 'P'

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and 'R' pass my knowledge. I know not one from t'other."

"Thou canst not balance thy hornbook on thy head like this, Pelatiah Smith," whispered Ephraim, seizing the rare chance for a little sport, as he balanced his hornbook on his head.

Alas, Dame Twitchell's quick ears caught the faint sound of whispering. She wheeled about, and the hornbook fell with a loud bang on the floor, from the head of the dismayed Ephraim.

"Ephraim Wells, thou art both idling and whispering," said the dame, sternly, at the same time reaching for her ever-ready rod.

"Nay, Mistress Twitchell, I whispered not," he stammered, with a shame-faced look that belied his words. "I only chanced to drop my hornbook as I studied."

Ephraim was ashamed to look at Pelatiah as he said this, for Puritan children well knew that lying was one of the most dreadful of sins.

"Ephraim Wells," said the dame, with a stern frown, "come here." Then from her dresser

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she took down a fat earthen pepper box with large holes.

"Thrust out thy tongue," she commanded.

Ephraim obeyed, and the dame sprinkled the tip of the small tongue with red pepper. Ephraim began to howl, holding his burning mouth with both hands.

Then she wound a strong hank of blue yarn under his arms and hung him on a stout wooden pin on the wall. Pelatiah was too frightened to dare laugh at Ephraim, but bent all his energies striving to guess which of those puzzling letters might possibly be "P" and which "R."

Ephraim's punishment was not over, however. When he reached home that evening he confessed the whole story of his sin to his father, who soundly whipped him and put him to bed.

Although the whipping hurt his body Ephraim

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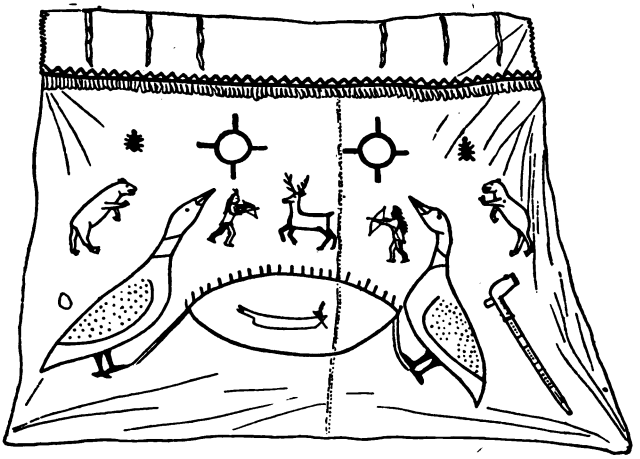
felt relieved and comforted in his mind, for it seemed as if his confession had settled his account, and he was forgiven.



PICTURE WRITING

"FACE to face we speak together,
Cannot send our voices from us
To the friends that dwell afar off;
Cannot send a secret message
But the bearer learns the secret,
May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others."

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Thus said Hiawatha walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.
From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.

* * * * * * *

For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky, a bow above it;
While the space between for daytime,
Filled with little stars for night time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

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Footprints pointing toward a wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling.

* * * * * * *

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave posts of the village.

HOW LITTLE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER WROTE LETTERS

"O DEAR!" said Clarice; "how dreadful it is to write letters!"

Clarice was writing a letter to go across plains and mountains and rivers, to grandma in far-off California. At first the lines had all been straight, and the upright, precise little letters neat and nice.

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"And now look at them!" scoffed Clarice, "all up-hilly and down-daley! I guess grandma'll think they're perfectly miserable! She said she liked to have them all toe the mark, as if they were in the geography class — O dear!"

"You're tired, dear," mamma's sweet voice said, comfortingly. "Put the letter away and come over here. I'll tell you how little great-grandmother wrote letters a hundred years ago. What do you suppose she did first?"

"Got some paper and envelopes and a fine-toothed pen and the ink," said Clarice, promptly. She couldn't see how it was going to be very interesting to talk about *that.* Stories were a good deal more interesting.

"She got the paper and the ink, but she didn't get any envelope or postage stamp, and the pen was made out of a goose quill with the pretty feather on one end. I expect she got great-great-grandfather to sharpen it for her before she began."

"Sharpen a *pen* — what an idea!" Clarice

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was getting interested at once. "Why, it's pencils you sharpen, mamma."

Mamma smiled.

"Yes, and little great-grandmother's quill pens, too. They had to be sharpened carefully, to get them into pen shape, ready to write with. Then came the big sheet of paper. I think little great-grandmother's must have been of a pretty blue color. And of course she made little, neat, straight letters on it." Mamma looked soberly at Clarice.

"Yes'm; that toed the mark and said their geography," murmured Clarice, "same as mine *don't*."

"Same as yours do, dear, almost always. And little great-grandmother was particular about the blots, too, I expect, just as you are."

"Oh, yes," said Clarice, brightening. "Of course she didn't want her letter all blotted up. Do you s'pose she had pink blotting paper, mamma? That's the prettiest."

"She didn't have any blotting paper at all!" laughed mamma. Clarice's mouth rounded into a little red circle all ready to say "Oh," just

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as mamma went on. "She probably borrowed great-great-grandfather's sand shaker that stood beside the ink bottle on the mantelpiece. It was made of wood and looked a good deal like my salt shaker, only it widened out more around the top, which was hollowed out like a little basin. I think there's one at grandpa's that I can show you some day.

"Great-great-grandfather's box was full of very fine sand. When little great-grandmother had written her page all over, she sprinkled it carefully with sand, that misted down through the tiny holes in the shaker — a little sand storm. Then after a minute or two she lifted both sides of the big sheet and let the sand slide through the groove in the middle back into the sand box again. That is why the top was hollowed out like a basin."

Mamma stopped to thread a needle.

"Oh," murmured Clarice, "I think it's very interesting about the sand shower. Go on, mamma."

"Well, it must have been a pretty long letter

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that little great-grandmother wrote, because the sheet was so big. And then, you see, the postage was high so long ago and people could only afford to write letters occasionally."

"Why, what an idea!" cried Clarice, in great astonishment.

"Yes," mamma went on, "at that time it cost according to the distance the letter was going, not just one stamp or two stamps to go all over the country. And I don't believe little great-grandmother ever sent a letter that didn't cost as much as five cents. That was one queer thing about little great-grandmother's letters. The envelope was another."

"I thought there wasn't any, mamma."

"Why, there wasn't, that was what was queer," laughed mamma. "But when the letter was all ready to send, it looked very much as if it was in a regular envelope. Little great-grandmother first folded the top down and then the bottom up, so that the edges just met in the middle — *so*." Mamma illustrated with a piece of paper.

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"Then she folded both sides inward and tucked one into the other. That made a neat little shape like an envelope, you see, all ready to be directed on the outside. Of course she had only written on three sides of the big blue sheet, so the outside page would be blank."

"O my, that's another queer thing!" cried Clarice, softly.

"But that isn't all. Next came the sealing of the letter. How do you suppose little great-grandmother did that?"

"I s'pose with the tipsy-tip of her tongue. I do."

"Not at all. She had a much nicer way. She sealed it with a dainty little patch of sealing wax, just where the two ends met. That kept the letter as snug and safe as your letter will be. Perhaps the sealing wax was red or green or blue. And maybe the seal was a perfect square, or round, and had a little picture or some words on it. One beautiful little glass seal I know of, had 'All's Well' on it. Could anything be prettier than that? Why, that was

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little great-grandmother's seal itself — my grandmother's. It's upstairs."

Mamma stopped, as if she were thinking about her dear old white-capped grandmother. Her face put on a tender look that Clarice liked.

"Was that all, mamma?" she asked softly, after a minute.

"No — oh, no. Then little great-grandmother directed her letter and took it to the post office. That's another queerness, for she had to ride a good many miles, and who knows but that it was up behind great-great-grandfather on old Whitenose's back?"

"Oh, my! Truly?"

"I shouldn't wonder a bit. At the post office they marked 'Paid 5,' or whatever sum the postage amounted to, in one corner in big red letters. That was all the postage stamp it had. In the other corner was stamped the big, queer-looking postmark. Then the letter was ready to go. A horseback rider took it, perhaps, in his mail saddlebags, and then a mail coach carried it the rest of the way. It took a long

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time to get there. And that's the end of the story, with a period."

Clarice sat a moment or two, wondering over little great-grandmother's queer letter. Then she went back to her own.

"I *want* to!" she cried. "I've got so much to tell grandma about now. I needn't put in any more weather or anything. I know for certain grandma'll be interested in this. And, oh, mamma, can't I fold it and seal it just as little great-grandmother did?"

Mamma laughed, but when the letter was finished, it was as nearly like little great-grandmother's letter as possible, and sealed with her very own tiny glass seal, that said, "All's Well." But there was a postage stamp in one corner. Mamma said there must be.

LETTERS OLD AND NEW

"THERE'S the postman," shouts one of the children, and there is a rush to open the door for this welcome visitor in gray who calls on us so regularly

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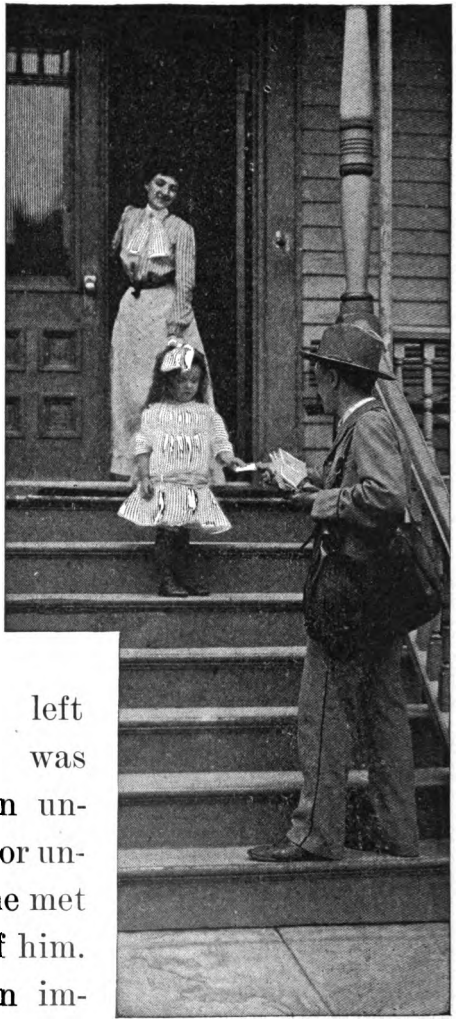
every morning. Indeed, he is so prompt, and we receive our mail with so little trouble, that it is hard to realize that there was once a time when there were no such people as postmen and no ways of sending messages from place to place.



That was many years ago, when the world was not so wise as it is to-day. If a person left his home then, he was never heard of again unless he returned to it, or unless some one whom he met brought back news of him. When a king had an im-

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portant message for his army, he sent a swift runner with it. Of course the message was spoken, for at that time the people had no written language. Later, these runners were stationed at distances five or ten miles apart. The first runner carried the message to the second, who in turn delivered it to the one at the next station. In this way messages were carried many miles.

Men soon learned that horses could travel much faster than runners, so mounted messengers, or couriers, were stationed at certain places to carry the king's orders. It was only the king's messages that were sent, for this kind of postage was too expensive for other people.

When the people learned to write, written messages were sent in the same way. It was even harder for the messengers to travel than you imagine, for the roads were so bad that a horseman could travel no faster then, than a good runner can now.

Sometimes pigeons were used as carriers. Around their necks rings were fastened, to which letters were attached by a string.

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When the stagecoach was invented, a wise man said, "It seems to me that the stage should be used to carry the mail." The king agreed to have the roads repaired, and the people felt very grateful, for their letters could be sent much more regularly than ever before.

But the introduction of steam, which enabled people to travel so much more rapidly and comfortably, also helped them to communicate with their friends in a far shorter time and at much less expense. Since then the mail has gone speeding across the country, and a letter will now travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific in less time than it formerly took to go from New York to Boston. In our own country many wonderful improvements have been made during the last century. Wouldn't George Washington be surprised to know that a tiny bit of paper, bearing his picture and costing only two cents, will carry a letter all the way to the Philippine Islands?

But some countries are still sending messages in the old way. In nations of the East, pigeons are still used for carrying letters. In India a dark-

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hued native, dressed in skins and carrying a club across his shoulder to protect himself from the wild beasts, travels from place to place, delivering the letters, as if no better way had ever been thought of.

THE MAIL CARRIER OF SUNSET TRAIL

AWAY back in the days when the mail carriers had to fight their way through bands of hostile Indians, Danny Redmond was the rider on Sunset Trail.

This trail wound its way over the dreary plains of Kansas and on into Texas, the Lone Star State; but Danny's route extended only to Crooked Creek, a town consisting of one grocery store.

Danny was a welcome visitor to the lonely settlers in the thinly peopled plains, where the shanty of the next-door neighbor could be seen only on clear days. So it was with great joy that they looked forward to the trips of this blue-eyed, brown-haired messenger.

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"Two o'clock!" some citizens would say, looking at the sun. "Danny'll be here in ten minutes."

They would look till their eyes ached, afar to where the Sunset Trail tipped over the roll of prairie at the horizon. Soon their watching would be rewarded, as Dolly, the bay mare, steadily and swiftly bore her rider down the trail.

Perhaps some settler going to the post office would jog along in the path Danny chose.

"Get out of the way of the United States mail!" would come the warning, and he would prudently get to the other side of the road, for Danny could and would shoot.

How eagerly those early pioneers watched the letters distributed! Though they had, perhaps, no reason for expecting a letter, their hopes did not sink until the last one was given out.

Then the return mail would be made up, and at exactly the right time, Danny would vault into the big Mexican saddle to take his long ride back, never stopping even when he shot at some

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unwieldy rattlesnake that had dragged itself out in the trail to loll in the sun.

The settlers would come out of their shanties along the trail and wave their hats and cheer the gallant rider.

Wabash was the only stop. It was of the same importance as Crooked Creek, only there were two houses instead of one, or rather there was a double house.

One day a cowboy with a slash across his cheek came into the fort on a tired mustang, and reported that he had been chased by a band of Indians.

Danny was preparing to start upon his route when the news came.

"You oughtn't to go, Dan," they said. "If you do, your scalp will hang from some red man's belt before morning."

"I am not afraid," he said, "and besides, the folks at Wabash and the Creek ought to be warned. And you know the mail has to go as long as it's possible."

The spur touched Dolly's flanks more often than

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usual, but she kept up bravely, and Danny clattered into Wabash ahead of time.

Telling the alarming news to the postmaster, he rode on toward Crooked Creek.

Hoping to overtake some of the settlers, he decided to cross the stream farther down, so he turned Dolly from the trail and directed her course down the river.

As he entered the mist, his right hand fell on the butt of a revolver in his belt. Down into the water they splashed. Dolly pulled at the reins.

"No, no, Doll; can't drink this time," he murmured.

He climbed the bank on the opposite side, and rode out upon the plain.

"Spang!"

Dolly bolted forward, and a flame of light flashed in the darkness up the river.

"Yip-yip-yip!" It was the war cry of the Indians.

With a yell of despair he fired at the dark mass tearing after him, and spoke to the mare. "Dolly, if you ever ran, do it now. On, Doll! Remember

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we have the mail, and it must be saved. Here's the trail. Now see how fast you can run. Ouch! I'm hit. It all rests with you now, Dolly! It all rests with you."

She ran like a frightened antelope, hardly seeming to touch the ground, while Danny, with closed eyes and clenched teeth, clung to the saddle horn with the desperation of death.

"Halt! Who comes there?" challenged the guard, as a horse and rider came into the fort.

"The United States mail," came the faint reply, and Dolly galloped up with blood in her nostrils and blood on her flanks.

"Dan, are you hurt?" asked the soldier, lifting him from the saddle.

"I'm hit dead," he replied, with a moan.

They carried him to the barrack room, and the surgeon was summoned, but there was no hope.

As his friends gathered round him, Danny said with a brave smile, "Good-by, boys. Take care of Dolly, for she did all she could to save me.

* * * * * * *

Yonder's the river. That's a good horse, Dolly."

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"His mind is wandering," said the surgeon, gravely.

"Get out of the way of the United States mail."

That was the end. The mail was safe, but the carrier was dead.

EARLY LESSONS IN COUNTING

"NUMBER 1 is very straight,
2 is different;
3 is curly, 4 is burly,
5 is badly bent.
6 is never hard to make
And 7 has one leg,
8 is double, 9 no trouble,
0 is like an egg."

Letty was humming over her figures as she tried to make them tall and straight after the copy mamma had set for her.

"You are improving, dear," said mamma, looking over her shoulder. "But put away your paper and pencil now, it is getting too dark for

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you to see, and it is not quite time to light the gas."

"Story time!" exclaimed Letty, as she gathered up her papers.

"Well," said mamma, with a smile, "suppose you tell me about that little knot I found tied in the corner of your handkerchief this morning."

"Oh, that was my 'remembering knot,'" said Letty. "I wanted to be sure to water my lily that I want to have in bloom by Easter."

"There is a little story about that 'remembering knot,'" said mamma.

"Long before people knew how to write or how to make figures like those you were just working over, they had many curious ways of counting.

"If two men who were making a bargain agreed to meet at the end of a week, each one would take out a piece of string and tie seven knots in it, one knot for each day, and go about his business. But every day each man would untie a knot in his string, so that when he came to the last knot, he would know that the day for meeting had come around, and that he must go settle his bargain.

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"If you had lived in Peru when the white men first came to America, you would have had to do all of your sums with knotted cords: a single knot for your units, a double one for your tens and a triple one for your hundreds."

"Oh, dear, I am afraid I should have gotten all mixed up," said Letty. "One knot in my handkerchief is about all I can remember, and you know I am not very fond of my arithmetic, mother. But I think I would rather make figures than tie knots."

"If you do not like arithmetic, perhaps you would like to live in Botocudo's country. He has only three words for counting: one, two and many.

"How would you like to be a little Indian girl with a string of wampum to spend instead of pennies, or a little Eskimo girl doing her counting by cutting notches in a stick?"

"I'd rather be a little American girl," said Letty. "It might be fun to try all those queer ways of counting, but I'm afraid I'd never be promoted if I did."

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TWO TIMES TWO

I JUST have learned my "two times two,"
It took me most a week.
But now I say it off about
As fast as I can speak;
That is, I say most all of it,
Like "two times six" and "seven,"
And don't stop once to count at all,
Except at "two times eleven."

Now mother says that little boys
Who live in France don't say
Their "two times two" the way we do,
They have another way;
They have to learn their "deux fois deux," —
It sounds so very queer, —
And so I guess to learn that way
Must take about a year.

But when it comes to German boys
It's enough to make them die,
For father says they have to learn
To say their "zwei mal zwei."

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And so I'm glad I wasn't born
Where "two times two" is "vier,"
Or else I guess I wouldn't learn
My "zwei mal zwei" this year.

GRANDFATHER HOOKER'S NAIL-ROD

THE old black horse stood saddled at the door. Goodwife Hooker lingered before the glass, smoothing her white neckerchief over her shoulders, making sure that the point came exactly in the middle, behind. Thyrza was waiting outside. She was the happiest little girl in all the colony; for in the pocket of her linsey-woolsey dress was her precious nail-rod which she was to spend exactly as she liked.

Money was scarce among the settlers, and nail-rods, or long nails, were greatly needed for building purposes. The iron was dug from the bogs, and the kitchen fireplaces served for forges. Every evening while her grandmother knit in the corner and her mother spun, Thyrza sat by the chimney, up which the flames roared and crackled, and

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watched the iron in the fire turn to soft, glowing masses. Then it was taken out and hammered on the hearth, and wrought by her father and grandfather into smooth and shapely rods. These were readily taken at the store instead of money.

One evening as Thyrza was tying up a bundle of rods for her mother to carry to town next day, her grandfather said, drawing one out from the rest, "That's the smoothest and straightest nail I've made for many a day! You shall have it, little Thyrza, to buy whatever you like."

Thyrza's brown eyes opened wide with wonder and delight. She had never had anything to spend in her life before. But a troubled, anxious look came over her mother's face, and her grandmother stopped the clicking of her needles to say warningly, "Be very careful, Thyrza, that you waste nothing in vain show and idle frippery." Her father openly expressed his disapproval. "I like it not, father," he said; "Thyrza is too young to be thus tempted."

But grandfather laughed and patted Thyrza's head. He was ever too merry and too tender for a

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Puritan. "She comes of good stock, son Richard," he said, "and I warrant she'll use the nail-rod wisely."

So, as Grandfather Hooker's word was law, Thyrza was going to Lynn that morning to spend her nail-rod. Her mother came out and mounted. Her father whispered, as he lifted her up to the pillion behind her mother, "These are troublous times, little Thyrza, and we must have thought for only the necessities of life." Grandmother Hooker came out to see them off. She shaded her eyes with her hand and called out in her tremulous voice, "Spend nothing, Thyrza, in vain show and idle frippery."

They rode away. It was a pleasant ride through the woods. The sun shone brightly and the light snow glistened like diamonds. Frivolous little squirrels scampered around them, chattering saucily. Sometimes Thyrza laughed aloud in very happiness, and her mother did not chide her.

Down at the store in Lynn there was much to interest Thyrza. High upon a shelf across one corner stood a smart little row of pink and blue

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plates and glass mugs, with two tall vases. Thyrza climbed on a box and studied the pictures on the plates and spelled out slowly the words on the mugs: "To a Good Boy"; "To a Good Girl"; "For Diligence in Study."

When Goodwife Hooker had exchanged her nail-rods for tea and sugar and spices, and had heard the news from England in the paper which came a month ago, she said, "Now, Thyrza, I will step across the way and chat with Goodwife Fulton, and when you have bought what you wish, you may join me there." So the little girl was left to decide for herself.

Mr. Horn took down, one by one, the pretty things on the shelf and turned them round and round for Thyrza to see, though she was not allowed to touch them. It was hard to decide. Thyrza would have been happy to own any of them. But one pink plate especially pleased her, and when she learned that the price of it was just what would be paid for the nail-rod, she felt sure it was her choice.

Mr. Horn was wrapping up the plate, when

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suddenly Grandmother Hooker's warning came to Thyrza, and the little girl shook her head and clasped her hands tightly behind her. She told Mr. Horn she would not take the pink plate after all.

When Goodwife Hooker and Thyrza came home that night, the little packages were spread out upon the table to be examined; and Thyrza, with a smile so brave that it drove back the starting tear drops, laid with the rest the purchase which she had made with her grandfather's gift—a bag of coarse salt.

Grandfather's face wore a look of triumph; grandmother was pleased and happy; even Goodman Hooker's stern face softened, as he said, "That's my own little maid!"

But often, when the day's work was done, and Thyrza sat on her grandfather's knee, she told him of the wonderful things in the store; and I think sometimes there came to them both a sore longing for the pretty scalloped plate with its tall pink castles, and its little boatmen setting out so bravely for unknown lands across the pink waters.

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FIRST LESSONS IN MONEY MAKING

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a man who had a very long and a very hard name. He lived in a cave in a hillside with his wife, whose name was also long and hard, and his little daughter, whose name was longer and harder still. I shall not try to tell you what their names were.

These people had not a cent of money in the world, but if you will believe it, they did not mind this one bit. When this man wanted something which belonged to another man, he never thought of buying it. He usually fought the man and took it away from him.

One day he went out to the forest and killed a deer for dinner for himself, his wife, and his little girl. While he was on his way home, he met a man who had a beautiful new spear made from a piece of sharp stone fastened to a stick. Our friend stopped and put down the animal which he had killed. Then he looked at the beautiful new spear which the other had made. He

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wanted it very much, but he was afraid to fight the stranger, for the very good reason that the stranger was much bigger and stronger than he, and had the spear in the bargain. So he pointed to the skin of the animal he had killed. It was a fine one, with soft fur. The stranger could have gotten a skin for himself, I suppose, but he liked to make spears better than to go hunting. So he held up the spear to see if the hunter would exchange with him. Of course he was very glad to do so, and so the skin was traded for the spear, and each went his way, pleased with the bargain he had made.

Now skins were very easy for the hunters to get, and so it happened that other men came to them and exchanged different things the hunters needed, for skins. Indeed, they were used so much, that by and by traders began to say, "This knife is worth one skin. This spear is worth three skins," just as if the skins had been dollars.

But we must not suppose that they went on always using skins for money. Many years after

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this — long after the little girl with the long, hard name had grown to be an old woman — some people began to raise sheep and oxen for food and skins, instead of always going to the woods to hunt wild animals. Then it was very easy to give one's neighbor several sheep for a strong shield, or one or two oxen for a good boat.

One day a shepherd heard that a man who lived in a village some distance away, had a very beautiful cloak which he would sell for six sheep. Now the shepherd wanted this cloak so much, that he started off with six sheep which he had managed to get by very hard work. But the sheep did not want to go. They kept straying away from the road, and one or two got lost. Then another tumbled into a marshy place and couldn't get out; two more caught their fleece in the briers and were soon so soiled and torn that no one would want them. Then the poor man turned homeward, very tired and discouraged. He still wanted that cloak, though.

At last he thought that perhaps he could buy it with some of the grain growing in the field

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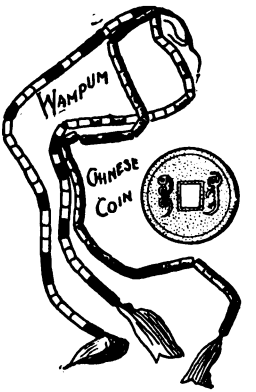
near his house. "Besides," he said, "grain is easy to carry and does not get lost in the bushes or caught in the swamp." When he told some of his friends of this, they thought it a very good plan indeed, and urged him to try to buy the cloak for grain. He was successful in his bargain, and from that time his neighbors began to use the yellow grain for money, and have been doing so ever since in their part of the world.

Men learned to trade in other things also. In Africa, two yards of calico can be bought for twenty pounds of salt, while a dozen needles can be bought for as many cocoanuts. In China and Russia, tea is pressed into balls and cakes and traded for many things.



The Indians have found something easy to carry, which they use as money. Instead of savings banks, the Indian boys and girls have long, tough strings on which they put little round shells or colored beads. Just think of getting out

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your string of wampum, as they call it, and going over to another wigwam to buy a new bow and arrow.

At last, however, men found a beautiful gift which Mother Nature had kept hidden away in the earth for them. They began to dig metals and to make rings, earrings and different ornaments from them. These they used in trading, a cloak being bought for its weight in rings perhaps. The rings were so different, that, by and by, the little pieces of metal which were of the same weight, were marked to save the trouble of weighing them every time.

Some tiny gold cubes, each stamped with its own weight, were the first real coins. They were made in China. But people soon found that these coins could be handled more easily if they were round and flat, like those we use to-day.

When we see a bright copper penny or a new gold piece, we seldom think of those queer men with long, hard names, who used to trade their knives and spears for boats and skins so many, many years ago.

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THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind in many parts of the country to pay the salaries of the minis-

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ters, so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English

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buccaneers (who were little better than pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

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When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter — whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey — was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way; "and you will find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings; the buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-

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clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired he sat with great dignity in grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men servants, who

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immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants used for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one of these scales."

Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed, was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then

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took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair; "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

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ANGEL, BY V. CARPATHIUS

MUSIC OF MANY CENTURIES

WHEN you were a little baby, one of the first toys you had was a rattle. Perhaps it was made of tin, perhaps of silver with little jangling bells on it, and if you will ask your mother about it, she will tell you how much you liked to shake it and then throw it on the floor with a bang.

You always liked to make a noise. Sometimes you would pound on the tables and chairs with your little fists, or drum on the window-pane. When you were larger, you wanted a drum for a Christmas present.

It does not seem at all strange that rattles and

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drums should be the toys of little girls and boys; but what do you think of grown-up Indian braves dancing and shouting to the music of rattles? Some of them are made of turtles' shells filled with pebbles, others of dried and wrinkled summer squashes with their seeds rattling against their tough sides, or of odd, grotesque, wooden figures, intended to represent men and animals, with the beaks of birds, the horns and teeth of animals strung along their sides to make the noise.

There are Indian tribes to-day who are as fond of rattle music as you were when you were a little baby.

Drums have been popular since the earliest times, when a savage had to pound the music for his dance or march out of a hollow tree, with a stick. Such a drum could not be moved about from place to place, but smaller ones were made of cylinders of wood or metal, with a piece of the skin of an animal fastened over each end. Sometimes the drums were beaten with the hand, but more often with sticks. They have been used for military music in all times and countries.

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Whistles, flutes, horns and trumpets, all have strange stories to tell of how they have been changed from straws, reeds, conch shells, ram's horns and other simple natural objects, to the fine instruments of wood and metal, inlaid often with gold, silver, pearl and precious stones, and selling for hundreds and for thousands of dollars. These are all called wind instruments. The great pipe organ in your church belongs to this group.

The highest class of music, however, is made by the stringed instruments. You would hardly think that the bow of a warrior could be made to give out music; but many savages like the soft sound made by striking the tight bow string with a little stick or a piece of bone or ivory. Sometimes a hollow gourd is fastened to the bow to act as a sounding-box to strengthen the tone. The musical bow was the ancestor of the stringed instruments, such as the harp, guitar, lute, mandolin and piano.

You have long ago outgrown your rattle, but perhaps you are now taking lessons on the piano or violin.

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MARCHING SONG

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his Highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in tune, alert and hearty,
Each a grenadier!

All in the most martial manner,
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin, like a banner,
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great Commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

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PAN AND HIS PIPES

THERE was once a beautiful wood nymph named Syrinx, who was greatly loved by the other spirits of the forest. She was a follower of Diana, the goddess of hunting, and in her hunting dress, with her bow and arrows at her side, she looked very much like Diana herself.

One day, as Syrinx was returning from a hunting trip, she met Pan, the god of flocks and shepherds. Pan stopped her and told her many flattering things, but this did not please Syrinx, so she started to run away from him. He followed her as far as the river, where she stopped to call on her friends, the water nymphs, to help her. They heard and consented.

Pan, following closely, reached out his arms to catch her, but found only a tuft of reeds, into which she had been changed. As he gave a heavy sigh, the air sounded through the reeds, making a sweet though sad strain of music.

Taking some of the reeds from the water's edge, Pan cut them into unequal lengths, and,

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placing them side by side, he made a musical instrument which he called the Syrinx, in honor of the lost maiden.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river,
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon fly had fled away
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can

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With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor, dry, empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan
(Laughed as he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon fly
Came back to dream on the river.

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THE INDIAN ORPHEUS

It is well known that long ago fairies and elves lived in the woods. They danced and sang and led a merry life. They could charm mortals and sometimes taught them to sing wonderful songs. They knew how to play on magic pipes or flutes, and when a mortal had been kind to them, they would teach him how to play.

When Glooskap lived on earth he promised to give men whatever they wanted.

One day two young men began their journey to his wigwam. It was a very long way, but at last they came to the island where Glooskap lived.

One of these young men asked to have all the power the elves had. Glooskap told him to bathe in the streams, and then gave him a beautiful white robe and a hair chain of magic.

When he put this chain on, he could see and hear the elves and had all their power. Glooskap gave him a flute and told him to play and sing. Then he found that he had a beautiful voice and

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that with his magic he could charm all men, all birds and beasts.

Now the second young man wished to have for his wife the most beautiful of Indian maids.

Glooskap sent the musician with him to assist in winning the Indian girl. So he begged the master to lend them his magic canoe. "That I will gladly, if you will return it."

This the young man promised to do, and they went to the shore but could see no canoe. "There is my canoe," said the merry Glooskap, and he pointed to a rocky island covered with tall pine trees. When he spoke, the island changed to a canoe with masts and sails, and they started on their journey.

At last they came to the place where the princess lived. They went to the wigwam of her father and were given seats of honor. The younger man said, "I am tired of living alone." The chief said that he would give his daughter to the young Indian if he would slay the horned dragon. The young man agreed and with his friend left the wigwam.

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During the night the magician went to the cave where the dragon lived. He placed a log over the entrance, and began playing on his magic flute. Soon the dragon came forth, putting out his head after the manner of snakes. While doing this, he rested his neck upon the log. The Indian cut off his head with one blow of his hatchet, and took it to his friend, who in the morning gave it to the chief.

The old man said to himself, "This time I fear I shall lose my child."

But there was another trial for the young man. The old Indian said, "There is a young man in my camp who has never been beaten in running. If you wish to win my daughter, you must conquer him in the race."

The elf-magician lent his friend the magic flute to give him power.

When the runners met, the young man asked, "Who art thou?" and the runner answered, "I am Northern Lights. And who art thou?"

The youth answered, "I am Chain Lightning!"

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and they ran. In an instant they could be seen no longer by the Indians of the village.

They all sat down and waited, and before noon, Chain Lightning returned, and he was not out of breath, though he had gone round the world.

At night, Northern Lights returned, and he was pale and trembling, though he had not been around the world and had turned back.

The old chief, seeing him beaten, exclaimed, "This time I shall certainly lose my child."

And yet there was a third trial of the young man ere he could win her whom he wished.

There was in the village a man whom no one could excel in swimming or diving. The young man must try his strength with him. When they met, the man of the village said, "I am a Sea Duck!" The youth replied, "I am a Loon."

So they dived. The Sea Duck rose to the surface of the water for air, but the Loon did not come up. An hour passed, and at last the Loon appeared.

Then the old chief said, "This is the last trial of your strength, and you have won my daughter."

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So the young man married the beautiful daughter of the chief and took her back to his home and to his people.

FOREIGN CHILDREN

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees,
And the lions overseas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;

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You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

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